

The Musical World.

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[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 48—No. 17.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. MANNS has the pleasure to announce his ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT will take place THIS AFTERNOON. Vocalists: Mdlle. Reboux and Signor Mongini (from the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, by kind permission of Mr. Wood—first appearance), Madame Florence Lancia, Mdlle. Auspitz (her first appearance), Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Urio, Pianoforte, Madame Schumann. Symphony No. 7, in A, Beethoven; Overture, "Oberon" and "Impressario." Ballet Airs, "Wedding of Comacho," Mendelssohn (first time); Prelude, Sonata No. 6, for violin, to be played by twenty-four violinists, J. S. Bach. Conductor, Mr. MANNS. Band increased to 100 performers. Admission, Half-a-Crown, Guinea Seats on Tickets, free; Stalls, Half-a-Crown each, at the Palace, and 2, Exeter Hall. Early application absolutely necessary.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

To-Night (SATURDAY), April 23rd, will be performed Mozart's opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." Tamino, Signor Gardoni; Papageno, Mr. Santley; Sarastro, Signor Foll; Monostatos, Mr. Lyall; I Due Armati, Signor Rinaldini, Signor Trevero; Sacerdoti, Signor Archinti, Signor Castelli; L'Oratore, Signor Ragner; Tre Damigelli della Regina, Mdlle. Briani, Madame Corsi, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Tre Geni, Mdlle. Vinta, Mdlle. Clifton, Mdlle. Guerriere; Papageno, Madame Monbelli; Pamina, Madame Sinico; and Astridamante, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, April 25th, Gounod's opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Gardoni; Mephistophiles, Signor Gassier; Valentine, Mr. Santley; Wagner, Signor Trevero; Maria, Madame Corsi; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Reboux (her second appearance).

TUESDAY NEXT, April 26th, Verdi's opera, "RIGOLETTO." Il Duca, Signor Mongini; Rigoletto, Mr. Santley; Sparafucile, Signor Foll; Monterone, Signor Ragner; Marullo, Signor Zoholi; Borsa, Signor Archinti; Ceprano, Signor Trevero; La Contessa, Mdlle. Briani; Giovanna, Mdlle. Corsi; Maddalena, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; and Gilda, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

THURSDAY NEXT, April 28th, Mozart's opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Acting Manager MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF
SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN," a New Oratorio, by the Rev. H. F. LIMPS, will be performed, for the First Time, in Aid of the Funds of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, Clower, on TUESDAY, May 10th, 1870. Principal Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. The Band and Chorus will number 300 performers. Sofa Stalls, £1 1s.; Balcony Stalls, £1 1s.; Reserved Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street; Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners Street; Duff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street; Keith, Frowe & Co., 48, Chesapeake; Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STENDALE BENNETT.

The Easter Term will commence on Monday the 25th inst., and terminate on Saturday the 23rd of July.
Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursdays, at Eleven o'clock.

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JOHN GILL, Secretary.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.
—MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."—WEDNESDAY NEXT, at Eight. Madame Rudersdorff, Madame E. Cole, Madame Patey, Miss M. Seern, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. J. T. Baile, Herr Carl Stephan. Band and chorus of 350 performers. Conductor, Mr. Barnby. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony and Area (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Admission 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Novello's, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry, the principal Musicians, and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERT, FRIDAY NEXT,
April 29th, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Songs and Part Songs. Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Mdlle. Sinico, Miss Stephens, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini, Miss Helen d'Alton, Signor Mongini, Signor Bettini, Signor Castelli, Signor Foll, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Commencing at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, and 43, Moorgate Street, City; all Music Publishers; and Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS. MONDAY EVENING, April 26th, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Symphonies (E flat), Schumann (No. 1 in A), Beethoven; Overtures (Mefistophe), Mendelssohn (Anacreon), Cherubini; Concerto in G, pianoforte, Mdlle. Schumann, Vocalists, Mdlle. Monbelli, and Dr. Gunz, by permission of the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera. Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; tickets 5s. and 2s. 6d. Lamborn Cook and Co., No. 63, New Bond Street; principal libraries and music-sellers; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY'S FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT, under the Patronage of the Right Hon. The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, will take place at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, April 27th. Principal vocalists—Miss Blanche Cole, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Harley Vinning and Herr Formes. Instrumentalists—Mr. John Cheshire, Chevalier Boscovitz, Pianist to His Majesty the King of Portugal, Mr. Charles Malcolm. Conductors, Mr. Louis Emanuel and Mr. F. Stanislaus. Commence at Eight o'clock. After which the comedy of "THE HONEYMOON," under the direction of Miss Marie Somerville. Stalls, 5s.; Tickets, 3s., 2s. and 1s.; at Mr. Austin's, St. James's Hall, and at St. George's Hall.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—
Mr. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, will give his celebrated Entertainment on the SONGS OF SCOTLAND, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings next, at Eight o'clock, and a Special Morning Representation on Saturday next, April 30th, at Three o'clock. The final three Entertainments will be given on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, May 2nd, 4th, and 6th. Pianoforte—Miss Kennedy. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Numbered Stalls, 3s.; at all the Musicians, and at the Rooms.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of Chopin and Henselt, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME MOURY'S WALTZ," composed by Chopin, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

INSTRUCTION IN SCIENCE AND ART FOR WOMEN.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S Lectures "ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF VOCAL MUSIC" (in continuation of the Course now being delivered), will be given in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 11 a.m., commencing on the 26th April. Tickets for the Course of Twelve Lectures, £1 1s.; with Practice, £1 11s. 6d. Single admissions, without Practice, 2s. 6d.

Persons who may wish to attend this Course of Lectures are requested to send their names to the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square (where Haydn made his first bow to an English audience).—Ladies and Gentlemen intending to engage these unique Rooms for Concerts, &c., are respectfully invited to make early application, in order to secure the best days. For terms, apply to Mr. Hall, at the Rooms. ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT'S NEW HARMONIUM WORK.

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"TAKE THIS FORGET-ME-NOT,"

The Words by Miss E. CORNER.

The Music by ADOLPH GOLLMICK.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAIVSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY and Mr. GEORGE PERREN will sing CAMPANA's celebrated Duet, "DIMMI CHE M'AMI," at St. George's Hall, Wednesday, April 27th.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET. President, Mr. Benedict; Director, Herr Schubert. Fourth Season, 1870. Third Concert, THURSDAY, 28th April (Spohr night). Tickets 5s. each, at D. Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

MISS AMY STRANGWAYS will sing NESFIELD's new song, "WHERE I FAIR WOULD BE," at the Third Concert of the Schubert Society.

HERR CARL FORMES will sing his popular song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at the Third Concert of the Schubert Society, on THURSDAY next.

MISS AMY STRANGWAYS will sing HENRY SMART's popular song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE," at Signorina Emily Tate's Concert, on TUESDAY, 3rd May.

LA SIGNORINA EMILY TATE will play ASCHER's popular romance, "ALICE," MENDELSSOHN's ANDANTE CAPRICCIOSO, and MENDELSSOHN's "RIVULET," at her concert, at St. George's Hall, May 3rd.

SIGNORINA EMILY TATE has the honour to announce that her THIRD ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place under the Special Patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison, &c., at St. George's Hall, on TUESDAY, 3rd of May, 1870. Full particulars will be duly announced. No. 79, Cook's Road, Kennington Park.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAIVSON & Co. 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the season on the 23rd May. All letters to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAIVSON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR CARL FORMES will sing his renowned song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at St. George's Hall, April 27.

HERR CARL FORMES is now in Town for the season and can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios and Operatic Performances. Address—care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAIVSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"REVIVALS,"

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FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

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* Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ANABELLA GODDARD.

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N.B. "REVIVALS" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in Manuscript, or which have been long out of Print. Selected from the Works of Eminent Masters.

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MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER's brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER's popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and Mr. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI's admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Miss KATE WARD's new song, "THE WEAVER," at St. James's Hall, April 23rd (This Day).

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Bishop Stortford, May 6th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 26th. Communications Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

REMOVAL.

MRS. RONEY (Miss Helen Hogarth) begs to announce her REMOVAL from Gloucester Crescent, to No. 6, Chaloot Terrace, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

"Old Drury" has again opened its doors to Italian Opera. On Saturday night the undertaking of Mr. George Wood, with the details of which the musical public has been already for some time made acquainted, was "inaugurated" by a generally excellent performance of the best, if not the most popular work of perhaps the best, and unquestionably the most popular dramatic composer whose star has arisen within the last quarter of a century. But before saying what we have to say about the manner in which *Rigoletto* was given, a word or two about the preparations for the new enterprise may reasonably be expected.

Considering that barely a fortnight was allowed for the work, what has been done in the way of transformation of the interior is almost unexampled. First, as to the accommodation for the public:—there are four tiers of private boxes, besides a so-called "dress circle;" over the highest tier of boxes are "amphitheatre stalls," with galleries behind and above; the pit boxes, noted for their uncomfortableness in 1868, are now enlarged, and placed on a level with the Rotunda entrance, which, as well as the great staircases north and south, has been restored according to the original design—with corridors, moreover, on either side, inner and outer, a convenience hardly to be over-estimated; lastly, the pit is entirely converted into stalls, each stall being a commodious arm-chair. The interior of the theatre has been entirely re-decorated; even the beautiful drop-scene of Mr. Telbin the elder has been cleaned to such good purpose that it looks as though it had been only painted yesterday. The decorations are in white and gold; amber-satin curtains—reminding opera-goers ripe in years of the innovation with which that most famous of operatic managers, Mr. Lumley (how long ago we do not care to remember), startled the world of fashion, which had been taught to believe that the best colour to set off ladies' dresses was deep crimson—now hang from every private box; and this, it must be admitted, combines very agreeably with "the turquoise-blue drapery, watered like satin-moiré, with which boxes and inner corridors are lined, the white and gold fronts of the boxes and the rich crimson of the carpet and stall-seats." In a word, the decorations are handsome and in thoroughly good taste. But that which concerns those most nearly who attend the Opera for the sake of the performance is the wonderful improvement effected by the restoration of the stage front to its original line, by means of which a fair view of what goes on behind the foot-lights can be had from all parts of the "auditorium." The orchestra itself has been reconstructed, to manifest advantage; and, indeed, to dispense with further minute particulars, the improvements effected in so very brief a space of time are creditable alike to the liberal spirit of the management and to the ability of the superintending architects—Messrs. Marsh Nelson and William Harvey.

And now to the performance, which, happily, will not take us very long to describe. The opera was preceded, as usual, by the National Anthem. This was given by the chorus, a body of singers some 80 in number, seven-eighths of whom being Italians and Spaniards—from Turin, Milan, Rome, Bologna, Naples, Barcelona, and Madrid—could hardly, at the outset, be expected to enter into the spirit of an air which to the great majority of them was in all likelihood previously unknown. Enough, however, was done to show that Mr. Wood has been able to get together a large body of fresh and fine-toned voices, which may be to him of inestimable worth hereafter. Signor Arditi, on taking his seat at the conductor's desk, was welcomed by the audience in a manner evincing their recognition of his high value in a place he has so long honourably filled. His orchestra, between 70 and 80 strong, comprises many of those excellent artists who have so long played under his direction—including, in addition, a new first clarinet from the Scala, at Milan; a new first violoncello from the Teatro Regio, Turin; and a new first double-bass from the Lyceum, at Barcelona; the principal violin being no less a *virtuoso* than Herr Ludwig Straus, acknowledged at the Monday Popular Concerts, the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, and elsewhere, as one of the foremost classical exponents of the day. About the quality of this orchestra satisfactory proofs were afforded in the course of the evening's entertainment. Verdi, in *Rigoletto*, has given his instrumental players, as, to an inferior extent, he has given his choral singers, opportunities for distinction which can hardly be passed over where the ability exists to take advantage of them; and that these opportunities were not disregarded but rather taken full advantage of, may be readily imagined.

The chief characters in *Rigoletto* were in each instance assigned to artists of well-known eminence. About Mr. Santley's impersonation of the Court Jester, whose unhappy fortunes, after all, come under the head of strict poetic justice, we have more than once spoken in very high terms. It may now, without exaggeration, be pronounced unequalled on the operatic stage. At the commencement of his performance on Saturday night, Mr. Santley appeared to labour under a slight hoarseness; but as the opera proceeded this became less and less perceptible; and in the second act he was irreproachable. Here occur

the nocturnal interview with the *spadassin*, characteristically named "Sparafucile;" the duet, "Deh non parlare al misero," where Rigoletto in touching accents opens his heart to Gilda; the trio, with Giovanna, where Rigoletto, in the melodious and lovely phrase, "Veglia o donna," intreats his confidential servant to watch with solicitude over his daughter's welfare; and lastly, the exclamation of despair, "Ah! la maledizione!"—after Rigoletto has himself been made the unwitting agent in the loss of the only thing that attaches him to life and reconciles him to his degrading position. In this, as in the succeeding act, where the bereaved and miserable Jester, in language as pathetic as it is unpersuasive, appeals to the sympathies of the courtiers, who hate him for his biting wit and mock at his distress, Mr. Santley exhibited not only those qualities of voice and style as a singer to which he owes his fame, but a still further advance in the histrionic department of his art, in the paths of which he is advancing with rapid strides. From here to the end our English baritone was equally good, and may be fairly said to have stood his ground against all comers. The Gilda of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska—although that gifted and wayward Hungarian lady is said to have arrived in London from Vienna too late for a rehearsal—was a performance of distinguished merit. Rapid travelling may probably, in a certain sense, agree with Mdlle. di Murska; at all events, we have never heard her voice in fresher condition, or more perfectly at command. Even the "vibrato" (so-called), which is the constitutional defect of its delivery, was far less observable than usual. Mdlle. di Murska sang admirably throughout—and this allowing for a slight misunderstanding in the charming solo air, "Caro nome" (Act 2), where, near the end, the involuntary omission of two bars by the singer, but for the quick ear of Signor Arditi and the singular promptitude of his followers, might have put the orchestra out. As it was, the error was at once rectified, and all went smoothly. Judged from a dramatic point of view, the Gilda of Mdlle. di Murska has never been surpassed in our remembrance. To name but a single instance, the duet with Rigoletto, in the Duke's Palace, where, after her forced abduction, the unhappy daughter is once more restored to the arms of her distracted parent, was a genuine triumph, and the call—both for Mdlle. di Murska and Mr. Santley—at the descent of the curtain, was enthusiastic. The part of that "gay Lothario," the Duke of Mantua (as he is called in Verdi's opera), fell to Signor Mongini, who has often played it in London, but never with more legitimate success than on the occasion under notice. About the superb tenor voice of this gentleman there can hardly be two opinions. He may not always sing with the desired refinement; and, in fact, he very often sins through excess of zeal—so much so as to make us inwardly regret that some musical Talleyrand had not been his adviser. But on Saturday night Signor Mongini was in splendid voice, and unusually self-denying. He was both earnest and effective in the secret interview with Gilda (at the house of Rigoletto), ending with the animated peroration, "Addio, speranza ed anima;" while "La donna è mobile"—that cynical libel against the gentler sex, set to such sympathetically cynical music—he sang with such vocal power and energetic declamation, that, in spite of the unduly prolonged B flat, ushering in the final cadence, he was unanimously called upon to repeat the air—and did so with increased emphasis and effect, holding out the high note this time, if possible, even more persistently than before. The Maddalena was Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the best representative of the character of Sparafucile's decoying sister (not forgetting the late Madame Nantier-Didiée) the London Italian stage has witnessed. No wonder, then, that with four such singers (Mdlle. di Murska and Mr. Santley without, Signor Mongini and Madame Trebelli within, Sparafucile's hovel) the admirably ingenious and thoroughly dramatic quartet of the last scene was given to perfection, encored with unanimity, and the most melodiously attractive part of it—commencing with the Duke's amorous apostrophe to Maddalena ("Bella figlia dell'amore")—repeated. We must not forget to record that the part of Sparafucile was represented by Signor Foli, who, not for the first time, proved his ability to make a good deal out of what would at first sight appear essentially very little. Mdlle. Corsi was the Giovanna; and a Signor Trevers (not Signor Raguer, as had been announced played), Count Monterone—whose malediction directed against Rigoletto is the key-stone of the drama.

Altogether, the performance of Verdi's opera was listened to with unqualified satisfaction. The house was not so full as might have been expected on the first night of a new and important undertaking; but there were causes for this with a discussion of which our readers would not thank us for troubling them.

The opera on Monday was *Lucia di Lammermoor*. That Lucia is one of Mdlle. di Murska's most earnest and admirable assumptions we need not say; when it is added that Signor Mongini was Edgardo, Mr. Santley, Enrico, and Signor Foli, Raimondo, it will be readily understood that the performance was excellent at all points. Happily, it is so familiar, with the present "cast," that further description would be superfluous.

The other operas performed during the week have been the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, with Madame Monbelli—her first appearance on the London stage—as Rosina (Tuesday), and *Faust*, with Mdlle. Reboux as Marguerite—her first appearance in London since M. Gounod's *Mirella* was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre (Thursday). *Il Flauto Magico* is to be given to-night. Next week we are promised, not only the *Nozze di Figaro*, but two works never before heard on the Italian stage—the *Abou Hassan* of Weber, and the *Oca del Cairo* of Mozart. Of the *Barbiere* and *Faust* we shall speak in our next number.

QUEEN EUPHROSINE.

(From the "New York World," April 3.)

My dear Public,—Euphrosyne has given English opera a great deal of English vitality. It is more properly American opera, now that I think of the organization and success, but the distinction is not a music alone. Now that she is about to visit England for a short period the whole continent will miss her; for there is not a pleasant spot on it that she has not made more pleasant with her voice, and which does not cling to the hope that she will re-appear suddenly, full-throated, to remind men of all the sweet things they cannot comprehend. She has gathered laurels from all sources. Ballad has bowed to her, oratorio has owned her supreme, and opera, German, Italian, and English, has succumbed to her imperious sway. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, she has tied the distances together with melody. Space could not daunt her any more than form. She sang her way over the American deserts and down the golden slope, and left her broad cadences ringing in every American city. No sooner had she taught a hundred New York songsters, half fledged, how to troll a ditty of Claribel's, in Steinway Hall, than we heard of her befriending the Milwaukee Philharmonic. The truth is, she sang anything and anywhere, from "Five o'clock in the morning" till twelve o'clock at night, and then was always as fresh and radiant as an English squire's wife just mounting for a run with the dogs. Nobody ever saw artist so aided and abetted by nature. She wears the secret talisman which defies fatigue and reaction, in, not on, her breast. Consider the Boston Coliseum. There she defied the immensity of space as she had all along defied the limitations of time. Half Boston fell into the belief that the voice had been made for the house and the festival, like the organ and the drum. New York and the rest of the world found out that the house and the festival had been made for the voice, and would have been useless without it. They remembered Tripler Hall and Jenny Lind.

English opera only served to prove anew the sovereignty. Mozart, Weber, Verdi, were in the hollow of her hand. One hour's notice, and she'd sing you Beethoven for your Philharmonic, or Handel for your Harmonic, and go regularly on with her Donizetti and Auber for the rest of the world. It doesn't so much matter that she could not do so well in *Susanna* as in *Reiza*, and was not as good in some things as others had been. The point was that nobody else could have done them all without failing flatly in some. The best point of all is that some of them were done superbly. It isn't necessary in this sketch to paint the sunrises of the whole season; one burst is enough. Take "Ocean, thou mighty monster," which had helped to make *Oberon* and Weber understood before English opera glowed on them. It is not so difficult that other voices have not attempted it. But when did the old monster receive such a regal summons? It was one element questioning another, and the notes had a prolonged clarion call in them as though flung out over echoing billows. Well, yesterday was the last of her for the present. It seems as though somebody, so to speak, had put the shutters up over Fourteenth Street. An injudicious programme—which, by the way, is the chief curse of the Academy—had stated that Madame Parepa-Rosa would make her last appearance at the *matinée*. It rained torrents. But Irving Place was packed full of water-proofs. Now Euphrosyne—touching a moment at Pittsburg and Boston, and, mayhap, running down a day to Galveston to keep music alive there—goes to England. But she comes back. Let the musical men of America prepare for her return. If there be any Beethoven festivals to undertake, any coliseums to fill, any operas to bring out, any sacred music societies to be bolstered, let them appeal directly to headquarters, where music has allied itself to enterprise and shaken off the infirmities of human nature.

NYM CRINKLE.

AMSTERDAM.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang, a short time since, a tone of the Concerts du Parc.

LEGE.—The Municipal Council have decided on the abolition of the poor's rate levied upon theatrical performances, concerts, etc., after the 1st October next. In order, however, to allow the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, the Board of Guardians, as it may be termed, time to supply the place of the nine thousand francs, of which they have been thus deprived, the Council have voted them a sum of four thousand eight hundred francs out of the funds of the Corporation. This sum is supposed to be about what the *Bureau* would have received during the concluding three months of the present year, supposing the impost had not been abolished before the 1st of January, 1871.

OPERATIC WRITING AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IN RUSSIA.*

THE DEMON:

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS, BY BORIS SCHEEL, FOUNDED ON THE POEM OF THE SAME NAME, BY LERMONTOFF.

In Russia, and more especially in St. Petersburg, there has sprung up, with modern liberal reforms, a new life that is conducting, with rapid strides, middle-class society to a higher stage of civilization, corresponding to the spirit of the age, which busies itself with art, the mirror of existence, and is preparing the people for new *stadia* of development. It is not by the standard of Western Europe, where the course pursued by history was different, traversing feudalism and its consequences, which was not the case in Russia,—it is not by this standard that Russia and its productions of the moment are to be measured. Russia is not all Europe, and Russia is not all Asia; Russia is a sort of hyphen between two quarters of the globe, between two degrees of civilization. In the society of the civilized nations of Europe, Russia is the youngest member, Germany being the oldest, and most important, the president by seniority. Literature, the mental leader of all political history, was different in Russia to what it was in the rest of Europe; but musical composition is only a *literature of ideas* expressed in musical characters; consequently a different standard to that used in the rest of Europe, a relative standard, must be applied to musical productivity in Russia. Russian literature possesses no house of its own, in which its cradle stands. Russian literature, as represented by Derschawin and Lomonossow, began by imitating the Roman classical writers; it then devoted its attention to the French Academy with its historical models; it is true that it visited Germany, but its visits there did not last so long as those it made to that seductive place, Paris, which always exerted an irresistible spell over Russia. Puschkin's noble mind, which perfectly appreciated the Ideal, was led from Schiller to Byron because realism is more nearly allied to the intellectual life of Russia than idealism, which exists only in the highest stages of civilization. Wherever, in the course of development pursued by the literary spirit in Russia, just as in Puschkin's verse when it possessed artistic value, deep, subjective melancholy was added to the invariably predominating realism, there was a poet, and there was poetry, such as that to which in Germany we are justified in applying a high standard. Puschkin, as yet the greatest celebrity of Russian literature, is no poet in the sense of a creator. Where are the individualities he created? Where the shapes of Shakspeare, Goethe, and Schiller?—Like Byron, he is a poet; in *his* language, in the state of civilization in his country, and the exceptional position occupied by that country in Europe, Puschkin is Byron's equal. It is only in his language, only in Russian prosody that Puschkin is creative, not in the domain of ideas. By his side we must place Glinka, hitherto the most celebrated Russian composer. In the first rank after Puschkin stand Lermontoff and Gogol. Lermontoff is a Russian Novalis. *He* is acquainted with the blue and unattainable flower!—Lermontoff is an idealist. He has improved on Puschkin's verse, and is as little of a realist as it is possible for a Russian poet to be. He fell in the first blush of youth in a duel in the Caucasus. His chief work, and the most brilliant proof of his great natural gifts, is his poem, *The Demon*. With Gogol, realism, which is deeply rooted in the Russian mind, again resumed all its former sway. Since then in the most recent poetic efforts, as well as the daily Russian press, which absorbs all intellectual interests, but which is destructive rather than fructifying and creative, realism is the predominating characteristic of the tendency pursued. Realism is presented in Russian musical productivity by Seroff's operas, both crowned with success, *Judith* and *Rogneda*—the realism of Wagner in Germany, the champion of which realism, its profoundly learned cultivator in national Russian, and at the same time independent original music, is M. Alexander Seroff, who may be justly placed side by side with Gogol in what he has done. The mutual relations of the intellect are so intimately connected in the domains of literature and musical composition, that analogies present themselves *naturally*. Before proceeding, however, to consider Seroff's productions as the most important in Russian composition after Glinka, if we would judge correctly the idealistic tendency of the latest operatic production, namely, *The Demon*, by Scheel, as opposed to that of realism, we must first cast a retrospective glance on Glinka and others. Before Glinka comes Werstowski. Werstowski was Intendant of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow, an amateur in the simplest sense of the word. It is said that he used to whistle something or other, and that a good chapelmaster, hailing from Germany, used to set or score the melodies thus whistled, and which are by no means deficient in fancy and grace. Werstowski's principal production is *Askold's Grave*, which, before the time of Glinka, brought the Imperial Theatres at

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Moscow and St. Petersburg a clear profit of a million roubles. It has, here and there, and to an extent which is not allowable, points of resemblance with *Der Freischütz*; it is, however, not altogether without merit, though it is wearisome, and more or less an imitation of German models only too well known. It is now forgotten, or cast into the deepest shade by Glinka and Seroff. *Habent sua fata!* To Glinka belongs the merit which will be allowed him in the universal history of opera, of having, in his work, *Life for the Czar*, written the only national opera with a political significance. There is no opera, or, indeed, musical work, generally, representing and reproducing two distinctly different nationalities like this masterpiece, which is no mere ephemeral production, but something advancing in a parallel with the spirit of Russia and of Poland. Before the appearance in Paris of the most significant mazurka-literature of that great musical mind, Chopin, Glinka built up upon two mazurka themes, in St. Petersburg, the charming picture of luxurious Polish Court life, contained in his incomparable ball scene in the Polish camp; while, in the second motive (A flat major), he portrayed the tragic result of the Polish invasion of the seventeenth century in Russia. As we are aware, it was Susanin, a peasant, whom the Poles took as their guide, when they wished to snatch the young Czar from the monastery where he was concealed; we are all aware, too, that it is the Susanin of Glinka's splendid work who leads the Poles into the snow-covered woods of Smolensk, where he is killed, but where the Poles likewise, are destroyed, and the Czar thus saved. Glinka's mazurka-motive, which depicts with such charm the Polish element; the noble manner in which the style of the Russian national hymn is turned to account for the purpose of representing the Russian element in the opera; and the admirable contrapuntal treatment of the voices, together with the attractive instrumentation and inventive significance of the orchestra in Glinka are something no one else has attained. His second opera, *Russian and Ludmilla*, is so much inferior to the first, that it ought not to be mentioned in the same breath, whatever pains the extreme party may give themselves to place it above the first, just as, incited by mistaken zeal for their national glory, they place Glinka's Epigonus, Dargomischki, on an equality with Glinka, Dargomischki being simply a composer of romances for the piano, who has not raised himself much above this level in his operas, *Esmeralda*, and *Rusalka* (the Witch of the Dnieper, after Puschkin). Dargomischki was a learned musician, and a well-trained contrapuntist, but an operatic composer he was not. In opera all styles shake hands; opera demands great invention combined with a mastery over all technical resources. But the last by themselves are a dead letter. We must mention, also, as belonging to Glinka's time, the great violin virtuoso, General Lwoff, who composed two operas, *Bianca* and *Qualitiero* and *Undine*, which are not deficient in structure and patchy workmanship, but are devoid of invention properly so-called. For this reason, they could not keep their place in the repertory, and are now forgotten. Strictly speaking, with some exceptions, Werstowski, Dargomischki, and Lwoff belong to one and the same group, to those who have attempted rather than succeeded in, the production of original Russian opera.

(To be continued.)

FROM MADRID.

No. II.

Whatever may be said of Spanish amusements, they cannot be called weak. They may be cruel, abominable, profane—what you like, but weak they are not. With a dramatized version of the New Testament at an exceedingly minor theatre every Friday, and with a bull-fight every Sunday, the good folks of Madrid stalk through Lent vigorously, if not with decorum. The real bull-fighting season does not commence till Easter-day; but while waiting for that great ecclesiastical festival we are recreated with a series of what may be called "Spring Meetings." The great strong bulls are not brought into play, but the principal figures in the sport are young animals, "Novilles." Nor let it be imagined that the young bull is in training. It is a religious duty to kill every bull who enters the arena, and the luckless creatures who acquire fame before Easter Sunday are doomed never to attain their majority. The bull-fight proper I have not yet seen; but the little bull-fights at Madrid are not deficient in strong flavour, perilous to delicate stomachs. You go to the Plaza de Toros, in the immediate vicinity of a triumphal arch, erected to the memory of Charles III., whose name is held in the highest veneration, and after complying with certain pecuniary conditions, you find yourself seated in a vast amphitheatre, compared to which the Agricultural Hall, Islington, is a mere bandbox.

Let me interrupt myself, to describe a curious custom which prevails generally in the Spanish capital. At the amphitheatre devoted to the national sports, and likewise at the theatres, you meet a "loafer" of the pavement, who offers to sell you a ticket. Similar "loafers" appear in Paris, but you are warned against them, whereas the Spanish vagabond is a fair trader. His

function is exactly the same as that of the London librarian from whom our nobility or gentry purchase boxes for the Opera. By a bold stretch of imagination, fancy Mr. Mitchell or Mr. Sama, bustling about the pavement of the Strand, with a blouse upon his back, and you will have a very correct notion of this Spanish institution.

But to proceed to the bull-fight,—that is to say, the bull-fight small. It commences with a combat between the bulls and an assembly of amateurs, attired in the proper combative costume. Professional buffoons, with grotesque Indian dresses, likewise enter the arena, and protect themselves with towers of wicker-work, from which their heads occasionally protrude. When the infuriated bull knocks over one of these towers, and the mimic Indian escapes with difficulty, the exhibition is considered droll and the spectators shout with laughter. Farce, however, is not considered complete in Spain without a spice of tragedy, and the poor preliminary bull is duly killed and dragged off before serious business commences. Let me not omit to state that in this little *lever du rideau* the horns of the bull are covered, and he approaches to the condition of a muzzled dog. The commencement of serious business is marked by the erection of a temporary barricade, which divides the arena into two semicircles. In each of these there is a separate bull-fight. The manager, if cruel to the bull, is humane to his audience, and is determined that every one of them shall have a good view of the sport. Casuists may compare his conduct with that of the old English Puritans, who, according to Lord Macaulay, suppressed bear-baiting on account of the pleasure it afforded to the people, but by no means on account of the sufferings of the bear, who, indeed, was shot, as a source of too much enjoyment.

Well, there are two fights simultaneously in the Plaza de Toros, and in each semicircle two bulls with horns unguarded have to be killed before the afternoon's sport is concluded. While the "toreros" on foot tease the bull by trailing brightly-coloured cloaks under his nose, and evade his wrath by leaping over a palisade, the joke seems innocent enough. When the wielder of the "bandillero" (a bodkin with a large appendage of curled paper) flings his missile into the shoulders of the bull, causing a copious fountain of blood to trickle down the side, the sensation is only that which arises when a well-spurred horse is seen on an English racecourse. At the same time be it observed, that every performer in these said exhibitions continually risks life and limb. To run straight up to an infuriated bull and plant a bodkin in his shoulder is a risky operation, and when it is well performed the artist receives the applause of a judicious public.

All this is a trifle. Things grow solemn from the share taken in it by the performance of the "picadores." It is almost an impertinence to explain that, whereas the other tormentors of the bull are on foot, the picador is a combatant who sits on a wretched horse and pokes the bull with a blunt spear. His duty is to defend, as best he may, his miserable steed, which is duly ripped up by the bull. Now the spectacle of a horse spouting blood from a hole in its side of the size of a five-shilling piece, and trailing its entrails on the ground, as a lady costumed according to the present fashion carries her train, is, to say the least of it, strong. That I may fully colour my picture, let me observe that when a horse is ripped up it by no means denotes his retirement from the scene. His rider (the picador) goes with him round the circus, while he drags along his ghastly appendage, till at last he falls exhausted and dies. Sometimes the horse is killed at once, and great amusement arises when the bull, while ripping him up with his horns, causes him to roll on his rider, and thus leads the spectator to expect that a human as well as an equine life may be sacrificed. But I don't think the danger is quite so great as it looks. The men with the cloaks are always at hand to draw off the bull from its immediate object of attack, and the picador is easily extricated.

Notwithstanding all this brutality, the respect of the Spaniards for the dead merits mention. The bull, when he has completed his work of destruction, is coolly killed by a man with a sword, whom, perhaps, you will call a "matador," though I am told the expression is rather "verdant;" he ought to be called the man with the *capada* (sword). With a red cloak in his hand he advances to the bull and sticks his sword, not as I had been told between the horns, but at a considerable distance along the back. Death does not immediately ensue. The bull walks about with the intrusive sword and ultimately falls. Three mules with tinkling bells then enter the ring and drag off first the eviscerated horses and lastly the bull.

But now comes the oddest part of the entertainment. Four bulls, in addition to the preliminary bull, having been duly slaughtered, some extra bulls, not to be killed, are introduced into the arena for the amusement of Spanish youth. "Train up a child in the way it should go," said Solomon; the merry boys tease the bulls in every possible fashion, after the precedent of the professional "toreros," and if they are not killed it is not their fault. A strange play with life, brutal and human, is this rough sport. Is it that life is less valuable in Spain than elsewhere, and that we are thrust back to old Calderon de la Barca, who says:—

"La vida es un sueno
Y los suenos suenos son!"

Madrid, April 6.

N. D.

BOHN.—The first stone of the new Beethoven Hall, in the Viereck-platz, was laid on the 2nd inst.

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC.*

THE ST. JOHN PASSION.

e. THE ARIAS.

We now turn to the Arias, which claim no small part of our attention in this work. To the ruling taste of our times they appeal but partially, although we meet in them all the excellencies of Bach's way of composition in rich measure: strictly characteristic melody; earnest declamation, closely following the sound and meaning of the words; harmonic and contrapuntal mastery in the conduct of the accompanying instruments. But the composer's earnestness and the serious destination of these pieces allowed of no concession to the sensuous apprehension of the general public. If in our altered circumstances the judgment of the public is influenced not so much by religious edification, as by the artistic and æsthetic side of such works, then our standpoint is a different one from that which Bach presupposed. A concert audience can follow the flight of the great master in his dramatic treatment of the choruses and recitative; but it is only exceptionally that it will be in a condition to sink into these depths of Christian contemplation, out of which he drew the fountain of his music in the Arias.

How much more must it be so where, as in this case, the purport of the words is purely dogmatical, containing little that is exciting in itself, while at the same time the breadth of the musical treatment tends to lessen the interest of the hearer, who is not able to give himself up to it entirely and follow it with all his faculty of feeling and of apprehension!

Accordingly the alto Aria, "*Von den Stricken meiner Sünden*" (D minor, 3-4, with accompaniment of two oboes and *Basso continuo*), as well as the soprano air, "*Ich folge dir*," &c. (B-flat major, 3-8), in which the flute part, *concertante* with the voice, accompanied only by the bass, depicts the joyful course of a serene soul purely at one with itself,—will on the whole find little recognition. The same may be presumed of the alto air with quartet accompaniment, "*Ach, mein Sinn*" (F-sharp minor, 3-4), as well as of the tenor air, treated with most wonderful figuration in the accompanying instruments (2 violins *d'amour* and bass): "*Erwäge, wie sein blutgefarbter Rücken*" ("See how His blood-stained back") which in fact with its long-spun *melismatic* turns lies far remote from present ways of feeling and perception.

This will be less the case with the bass Aria, "*Eilt, ihr angefochtenen Seelen*" (G minor, 3-8), whose rapid movement hurrying to an appointed goal, four times interrupted by the anxious, eager question of the chorus, "Whither? whither?" rests in the brief reply, "Toward Golgotha" and "to the mount of Crucifixion," only to renew its exhortation that we follow in the footsteps of the Lord.

The composition rises still more in the alto air, "*Es ist vollbracht*" ("It is finished"), which soars more freely even in the text. Accompanied by the *viola di gamba* in expressive and melodious solo, it utters in a short strain, breathing deepest sorrow, the last word of the Lord before His departure; then, in the flaming-up of the victorious announcement ("The hero of Juda conquers with might"), it represents the triumph of the Divine Word over death and hell, until the jubilation is again made dumb before the repetition of the mournful words, "It is finished," and relapses into the first lament.

This Aria is followed by the words of the Evangelist: "And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." Upon this immediately comes in the bass (D major, 4-4) with the expressively melodious song, accompanied only by the organ and the basses, "*Mein theurer Heiland, lass dich fragen*" ("Dearest Saviour, we would ask Thee), which is interpreted, with deeply searching effect, by the Chorale which has been repeatedly employed already: before the denial of Peter in the first part, as well as after the Lord's words: "Lo! this is Thy mother." The simplicity of the orchestral treatment and the melodious rhythm of the song contrast in a wonderfully peculiar manner with the earnest harmony of the Chorale, out of which dark, deep background the Aria stands forth in radiant relief. It is the glorification of the Lord that here shines forth upon the world out of the solemn moment of death, and finds its open recognition through the Chorale of the praying congregation, through the Christian Church.

With the introductory chorus began the struggle and the suffering. Here we find the victory, not as in the preceding Aria, still under the suffocating burden of the cross, but in the freedom of its grandeur and its exaltation.

A short *Arioso* for the tenor (in the *St. Matthew Passion* Bach marks these little sentences as recitative) leads to the last Aria. This *Arioso*, in which you feel the agitation of nature after the departure of the Lord still vibrating, is one of the most beautiful pieces of the work. Under the prolonged high tones of two flutes and two *oboi di caccia* the string quartet moves tremulous in the after-murmur of the storm,

* From the German of C. H. Bitter.

while the tenor in expressive recitation sings the beautiful words assigned to him.

And in tender, tearful melody, introduced and followed by flutes and *oboi di caccia*, partly in concerted, partly in united song, the soprano answers him (C minor, 3-8): "*Zerfließe, mein Herze, in Fluthen der Zähren*" ("Melt, my heart, in floods of tears").

The earthly sorrow for the Son of God, whose majesty and greatness, whose world-redeeming significance His death and wondrous signs have first implanted deeply in the soul, flows forth in the tones of this Aria, which is one of the noblest and most deep-felt that Bach ever wrote. Formed as if out of a single thought, and yet presenting this in every conceivable variation, it conducts the hearer to the Cross, upon which the body of the Redeemer hangs, no object of terror, but of the deepest grief, pouring itself forth at His feet in streams of tears.

And so we stand just before the end of a work, which, however much we may admire the astounding grandeur of the *Matthew Passion*, excites not less our deepest sympathy and veneration for its great creator.

f. THE CHORALES.

Before we pass to the very close, we have yet to turn our attention to that series of masterworks which Bach has incorporated into the *Passion Music* under the name of Chorales.

The destination of these Chorales has already been pointed out. They were to keep the whole work true to the Christian ground-tone which the Divine service of the day (Good Friday) above all required. They were also to serve to bring the listening congregation into active participation in the service, to make them part and parcel of the action and the pious meditations based upon it. For the Christian Church song belongs to the religious *cultus* as an artistic element. Where this element is taken up by the whole congregation, it expresses itself in the Chorale, as the universal basis of the Divine service. This appears more in the Passions, than in the Cantatas of Bach as a pervading thought.

This is not the place to justify the way in which the great composer has set his Chorales just as we find them here. As they are, they are in their appropriate place. They are masterworks of a peculiar kind; and by their expressive treatment, entering so fully into the character of the situation, they produce the most striking effect.

The very first Chorale, "O boundless Love," which follows close upon the repetition of the Chorus, "Jesus of Nazareth," is set in such a way that every word calls out the noblest feeling. How incomparably beautiful is the conduct of the voices at the words, "*dieser Marterstrasse*" ("this street of martyrdom")! What a deep feeling finds expression in the concluding strophe, "And Thou must suffer!" We find again the same pre-eminence, we might say the same predilection, in the treatment of every one of the Chorales which are incorporated into this beautiful work. When, after Christ says: "If I have spoken well, why smitest thou Me?" the Chorale, "Who could so rudely smite Thee?" sets in in the full harmony of its tenderly melodious measure; or when, after the words, "My kingdom is not of this world," rises the firm and solid strain, "Ah mighty King, through all the ages great," with its wonderfully moving bass; when the Chorale, breathing steadfast faith in deepest grief, begins:—

"Within my heart deep dwelleth
Thy name and cross alone,"

and dies away so mournfully: "For thou hast bled to death,"—the impression universally will be a powerfully great, an elevating and consoling one. But everywhere, too, is the expression of the words and of the situation mirrored in these Chorales with a fidelity, a lofty, tranquil grandeur, which continually reminds us that it all belongs to a Divine service in the Church, in which we too are permitted to take part.

We might in this connection call attention to one Chorale, just before the closing chorus which completes the picture of the sufferings of Christ, "O hilf, Christe, Gottes Sohn." What a depth of sorrowfulness, what steadfast trust and confidence speak from this harmonious master-work! The words, "durch dein bitteres Leiden," and again, "*All Untugend meiden*," finally the two concluding stanzas lift this little composition to a grandeur and an elevation that place it by the side of the first masterpieces ever yet created.

In the *Matthew Passion*, prominent significance is attached to the Chorale, "O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden" ("O Head, all bruised and wounded"), which recurs several times in the course of the work. So here the Passion Song, "Jesu's sorrows, pain, and death," is introduced by Bach in three particularly conspicuous places: first, after the denial of Peter; secondly, after the words which Christ upon the cross addresses to His mother; and for the third time, after the words, "It is finished."

Here too,—apart from the inner reasons which Bach had for such repetition of the same choral melody, we see how paramount an end

it was with him, and how earnestly he strove for it, to secure the character of unity to the impression made by the whole work.

g. THE CONCLUDING CHORUS.

And so we enter the profound mood of the wonderful concluding chorus, "Rest, ye weary sacred limbs!" Tranquil sorrow trust in the redemption; steadfast faith, speak out of this clear-stamped melody and deep-felt harmony. We stand at the grave of the Lord. The body, wound in linen clothes with spices, is lowered into it. The friends and disciples who have followed Him thither, cast one last look of love upon the dead outward form, in which the Divine Prophet had so long lived among them and taught them, in which He had even now endured the last fearful agony before them. Like prayers for blessings on Him, the tones of the pious song descends. And when the grave is closed, then there resounds, before the crowd have parted, in firm and solid harmony, the Choral:—

"Ach Herr, lass dein lieb Engelein
Am letzten End die Seele mein
In Abrahams Schoos tragen,"

till the tones die away with the words:—

"Herr Jesu Christ, erhöre mich,
Ich will dich preisen ewiglich."

The friends and disciples leave the grave. We too go with them. Consoled, uplifted, full of new strength of faith, we retire from a place where the Gospel and Christ's offering for man have been taught as in the noblest manner, interwoven with the loveliest flowers of Art. We have taken part in His sorrows, and feel ourselves purified thereby, brought nearer to the Lord whom we revere.

Such is the form and outline of the work of the great master, which we have sought to expound, both as a whole and in its several parts.

Only a man of the great reach and power of Bach could have resolved to go beyond the lofty grandeur of this work, and create one even greater, even more complete and perfect. His gigantic mind shrank not from a task like that which he had set to himself in the *St. Matthew Passion*.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC.

The *Athenaeum* takes a very practical view of this work, and says:—

"The directors of the Oratorio Concerts resolved to perform Bach's *Matthäus-Passions-Musik* each season, before the actual revival of that work in Exeter Hall on Wednesday week. We can hardly suppose that their resolution has been in any way shaken. Bach's music was heard with curiosity, received with favour, and, together with the performance, much belauded by the daily press. Nevertheless, we doubt the success of any attempt to resurrect the work. Looking at the *Passion* apart from the change which has come over music and musical taste since Bach's day, we are quite ready to grant that it ought ever to remain in high favour. But so to look would be very unpractical, if not absurd. Within the last 140 years, the canons of composition and of taste have greatly altered—whether for better or worse we do not say—and the result has been to leave Bach's work high and dry among the curiosities of a past epoch. We admire it, but with no more idea of adopting it than of wearing chain armour. It may strongly be questioned, therefore, whether the success of Mr. Barnby's revival was other than the result of gratified curiosity. Yet more strongly may we doubt whether, after curiosity has been fully gratified, anything like success could be attained. From a modern point of view, the music is antiquated, however scholastic, ingenious, and masterly. The present generation seeks a sign—the sign of sensation; and cares no more for Bach's scholasticism than the admirers of Mr. Thomas Carlyle's English do for the stilted phrases of the Elizabethan euphuists. If, however, we dissociate ourselves from present tastes, and look at Bach's *Passion* as might a devout Lutheran of the period (or even as might one of the period neither devout nor Lutheran), we see at a glance the great merit of the work. It stands out from among things of its kind as Bach himself stands out from among the musicians of his day. But this will not make it popular. That cannot be done, because music is not subject to capricious changes of fashion. We may go back to the trunk-hose and slashed doublets of our ancestors, but we are not likely to revive a taste for what they thought the perfection of Art. Mr. Barnby deserves great credit for the excellence of the performance he directed. His choir had been admirably drilled, and his soloists—Madame Rudersdorff, Mdle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas—were fully equal to their unfamiliar and arduous work. So far all was well; our only doubt is as to what lies beyond; especially as to what the audience will think of the *Passion* after hearing a *Passion-week Messiah*. T. E."

HERR JOACHIM'S "HUNGARIAN CONCERTO."

With reference to this work the *Athenaeum* says:—

"The second Philharmonic Concert was made noteworthy by a remarkable performance of Herr Joachim's 'Hungarian' Concerto. This concerto is, in some respects, unique. It may claim to be, for example, the perfected work

for the violin of the greatest violinist of his age. Herr Joachim laboured at it with zeal and patience; even going so far as to reconstruct the whole, adding where additions seemed necessary, and writing an entirely new score. He thus presented a deliberately-formed notion of what a great work for the violin should be. We fear Herr Joachim made a too favourable estimate of the average capacity of first-class violinists. If not, then he did worse, and wrote with a single eye to his own exceptional powers. A good deal of the concerto is beyond everybody but the composer. It crowds difficulty upon difficulty, till at last there are so many that the listener wearies in his appreciation. To this extent Herr Joachim's work is an impracticable thing. Like the battle-axe of *Cœur-de-Lion*, it must lie idle save when the owner is at hand to use it. But the concerto is unique on account of its national character; the themes being modelled upon Hungarian airs, and the whole constructed 'in Ungarischer Weise.' To judge of this requires special knowledge; the result, however, is appreciable by all. A very striking and interesting result it is; not the least noticeable feature being the skill with which great peculiarities in melodic structure are connected with classical form and treatment. Looking at the concerto apart from its difficulty and its pretensions to nationality, we see a good deal that is admirable. The subjects are pleasing—those of the slow movement especially; the orchestra is often happily used; and the plan of the work shows, in many places, successful thought. On the other hand, much appears to be sacrificed in favour of mere display, and this leads to undue extension, which, in turn, leads to weariness. If Herr Joachim would improve his concerto more than he has hitherto done, he must cut it down with a free hand, and remove difficulties which are purposeless, as well as, to the vast majority, inappreciable. The performance generally was excellent; that of the solo astonishing. Herr Joachim never more thoroughly satisfied those who believe him to be the king of fiddlers."

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The last concert of the series took place on Saturday, and had the following as a programme:—

Overture, "Manfred"	Schumann.
Aria, "Mi Tradi" (<i>Don Giovanni</i>)—Madame Lemmens	Mozart.
Symphony, "The Pastoral"	Beethoven.
Air, "In native worth" (<i>Creation</i>)—Mr. Nelson Varley	Haydn.
Song, "The Village Chimes"—Madame Lemmens	Sullivan.
Prelude, "Lohengrin"	Wagner.
Duet, "Ye gay and painted fair" (<i>Seasons</i>)—Madame Lemmens and Mr. Nelson Varley	Haydn.
Cantata, "May-day"—Madame Lemmens and the Crystal Palace Choir	Macfarren.
Overture, "Zampa"	Herold.

Schumann's overture, the power of which can hardly be denied even by those who most question the composer's genius, has often been heard at these concerts. Seldom, however, has it been received with the coldness manifested by Saturday's audience, a coldness we must attribute to a performance by no means up to the mark, because both coarse and ragged. The ever-welcome "Pastoral Symphony" fared better, each movement being capitally played and much applauded. Its performance, in short, was worthy the reputation of the Crystal Palace orchestra. We spoke of the *Lohengrin* prelude when it was given last year, at a Philharmonic concert, and are now, inclined to repeat what was said then. The music does not deserve more than the smallest expenditure of time and trouble. As to the audience, they thought it deserving only of the smallest applause. As to the analyst, he pronounced it a "study of orchestral effect," displaying "a high and unquestionable power of imagination." So it may be, and yet be worthless; for there are studies and studies, and imagination and imaginations. Mr. Macfarren's cantata was fairly well given. As usual, "The Hunt's Up" had to be repeated. The *Zampa* overture ended the concert brilliantly. Madame Sherrington did not act fairly to Mr. Sullivan's ballad by introducing it on such an occasion. Mr. Nelson Varley sang his song in a style much better than we could have expected. He is evidently learning fast how to use a capital voice to good purpose. T. E.

GOOD FRIDAY CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace on Good Friday the concert consisted of a selection of sacred music, in which Madame Rudersdorff sang the "Inflammatus" and "Let the bright Seraphim;" Mr. Vernon Rigby, "Then shall the righteous," and "Sound an alarm." Madame Carola, Mr. Aynley Cook, Madame Florence-Lancia, Mr. T. Harper, and Signor Urio also took part in the concert. The other attractions of the Palace found many admirers. The day being delightfully fine brought together 47,547 visitors.—At the Standard Theatre the *Messiah* was given with success, at least so far as everybody being pleased. The theatre was very fully attended, and Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Drasdil, Messrs. A. Cooke and Wells were at times well received.—

The Britannia produced the *Creation*, with Messrs. V. Rigby, Lewis Thomas, and Mdlle. Carola in the principal parts. Mr. Kingsbury conducted. The house was well attended.—At the Holborn Amphitheatre the *Stabat Mater*, selections from *Eli*, the *Messiah*, and *Naaman*, with the prayer in *Masaniello*, were exceedingly well rendered, the principal vocalists being Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. O. Christian, and Miss Palmer. Mr. Weist Hill conducted.—Mr. E. Strange's concert at the Grecian was fairly supported. Miss Blanche Cole was the principal singer, and gave "Let the bright Seraphim," "Rejoice greatly," and "With verdure clad." Miss Woodcroft, Miss Enriques, and Mr. E. Lloyd were the other singers.—Concerts, morning and evening, took place at St. James's Hall.

FOUR CRYSTAL PALACE SYMPHONIES.

The last four concerts presented as many symphonies, each remarkable in its way. Between two of them a certain analogy exists; the others stand alone, while differing from the former in the sense that "pure" music differs from music with a "programme." The analogy to which we refer is based on the fact that both Hiller's symphony in E minor and Beethoven's "Pastoral" are avowedly illustrations of natural phenomena. Beethoven's work need not detain us save to point out, once more, what "G." properly calls the "true principles" of programme music—principles Beethoven himself defined, in the heading of his great symphony, as "rather the record of impressions than the actual representation of facts." We are glad to read in "G.'s" analysis that this is "a canon which fixes for ever" what programme music ought to be. At the same time we would remind him how certain modern composers have ignored its limits, and have carried into orchestral music the literalness of "The Battle of Prague." We would remind him, also, that the tendency of modern composition is to the extreme against which Beethoven carefully guarded himself, and that the professors of this heresy are sometimes honoured in the Crystal Palace programmes. One other point in connection with this matter deserves notice. "G." speaks of Mendelssohn's "Italian" and "Scotch" symphonies, and of his overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Fingal's Cave* as "programme music." The term, though allowable when used as "G." uses it, in the Beethoven sense, may convey a false idea, because it is now associated with music which aims at portraying a series of occurrences. That Mendelssohn's works do nothing of this kind, we need not assert. It is necessary, therefore, to hit upon some new term wherewith to describe compositions which occupy a position midway between "pure" and "programme music." How if we were to call them "impression music?" The term would have the high authority already quoted, and at least, would save glorious productions from the chance of confusion with others which are not glorious. Mr. Manns undertook the analysis of Herr Hiller's symphony, and built a fanciful structure upon the basis of the composer's motto—"Es muss doch Frühling werden." We are by no means disposed to quarrel with him for so doing, since the motto directly invited his labour. Herr Hiller's superscription is, either a key to the meaning of the music, or it is not; if not, then the superscription itself is meaningless and absurd. Mr. Manns, however, gave rather too great latitude of interpretation. He remarked, "We anticipate a poetical musical illustration of a combat between Winter and Spring—the Winter and Spring of nature or of the human heart, or of the life of great nations—a struggle for civilization and liberty." Apart from a consideration of the character of the work, we doubt if Herr Hiller intended his motto to bear so wide an application. The chances, at least, are in favour of a reference to the Spring of nature, because each of a dozen obvious sentences would otherwise have served equally as well, if not better, than the one chosen. To this conclusion Mr. Manns evidently came, for he interpreted each movement as a phase in the triumphant advance of the most delightful of seasons. It would answer no purpose to notice his remarks in detail. They are but the expression of individual feeling upon a matter connected with which there is no authoritative standard, and variance about which is, therefore, perfectly allowable. As regards the merit of Herr Hiller's symphony there can hardly be very diverse opinions. It is charming from first to last. It displays, in union with elegance of style, masterly treatment and classical form—qualities unhappily rare in present-day German music. Herr Hiller's work so far harmonizes with the position he occupies among his compatriots. It might be said of him, as of Abdol:—

"Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified."

Whatever future lies before German music, this is certain—that true art will have a witness in Ferdinand Hiller while life remains to him. The third symphony (second in order of performance, as Beethoven's "Pastoral" was fourth) occupied, when previously given, much of our

attention. We have nothing to unsay or to change as regards Schumann's symphony in E flat—the so-called "Rhenish." The faults of this work are mainly concentrated in the fourth and fifth movements, the first of which is obscure and shares the negligences of the second. On the other hand, the first three movements claim from us almost unqualified admiration. Not to go a second time into details, we will mention briefly that these movements are entitled to rank among the best of their kind, by whomsoever written. Mr. Manns very properly refrained from any attempt to fit Schumann's music with a programme. Apart from a superscription to the "Religioso," and a general remark of a vague character bearing upon the other movements Schumann gave no authority for taking his work out of the category of "pure" music; where, by-the-bye, its admirers may very contentedly leave it.

We come now to the fourth symphony, and do so with pleasure, because it is the work of a young Englishman who bids fair to honour English music. When Mr. F. H. Cowen's symphony in C minor was brought out at St. James's Hall last December, its great merit was promptly recognized, as were, also, the faults natural to, if not inseparable from, a first effort. The young composer lost no time in profiting by the suggestions of experience; and at the Crystal Palace he was ready with a work largely amended, and having an entirely new *finale*. We recognize the spirit in which the alterations have been made not less than we do their value, which is sufficient to claim for Mr. Cowen's symphony the regard proper to a great thing worthily achieved. The work opens with a short *Largo*, constructed on a two-bar phrase given out by bass strings in unison. Thus early, indications present themselves (among others a free use of scale passages for the strings) of Mr. Cowen's sympathy with Beethoven. The *Largo* ends quietly on the dominant, and leads to an *Allegro di molto quasi presto* which starts with the unison already mentioned. This, however, is only by way of exordium, for soon the flute expands the subject into one of four bars, and introduces it as the first theme of the movement. Subsidiary matter, in the form of a vigorous *tutti*, leads to the second subject in G major, which is as notable for grace and beauty as for the charming method of its scoring. An expansion of the original theme ends the first part of the movement. Throughout the second part we are reminded of Beethoven by the bold and assured handling of the orchestra, by the free march of the basses, and by comparatively small devices like an occasional pause. A well-worked *coda* stops abruptly on the dominant, that the *largo* may be resumed for eight bars; after which the movement comes to a speedy end. The themes of the *scherzo* (in G major) are piquant, without any leaning towards eccentricity. Moreover, they are tuneful and pleasing. Putting all which things together, some might urge that Mr. Cowen has acted upon the proper idea of a *scherzo*—that is to say, he is sufficiently light and frolicsome, without indulging in contortions. A placid trio (in E major) distinguished by clever use of syncopation, varies the *scherzo* agreeably. The *allegretto* (in G major) reminds us of Schubert, alike by its character and scoring. In the sentimental expression of its themes, and still more in their peculiar division among the various instruments, the influence of that great genius can be detected. Beyond this there is nothing in the movement Mr. Cowen may not claim as original; while, in all respects, it is highly imaginative and beautiful. The opening of the *finale* shows Mr. Cowen in a humorous mood. He makes the first violins give out a theme to which the seconds answer with another, followed in turn by the violas. This little bit of counterpoint prepares the listener for a fugue, only to deceive him. As though repenting of his first purpose, but not disposed to waste what he has written, the composer hurries on to a *tutti*, for which the abortive fugue supplies materials. In right spirited fashion are those materials worked, till the entrance of a melodious second subject, mainly divided among the wind instruments, and accompanied by what we may call a figured dominant pedal for a portion of the strings. With these themes and their episodes Mr. Cowen has constructed a movement which ends his symphony in a manner worthy of what has gone before. We have spoken of the work at length because it is such as we have said, and because its composer is one whose efforts deserve all the encouragement it is possible to give them.

F. M. G.

WEIMAR.—The Abbate Franz Liszt is here at present. He intends making a long visit.

BADEN.—Herr Johann Strauss, the well-known waltz-composer, has signed an agreement with the Administration to give a series of twelve concerts. They will take place in August.

BRUSSELS.—We like the inhabitants of this capital extremely; they are a jolly, hospitable, contented, set of people, but our partiality must not make us blind to their defects. In fact, as sincere friends of theirs, we feel bound, if they do anything wrong or stupid, to warn them: the fact. Well—they are going frantic about *Lohengrin*, of which three performances have absolutely been given in one week. We say no more, save—*Verbum sap!*

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

"Veni; Vidi"—"Why sigh?" you might add, if you happened to be a burlesque writer, and were sitting near me as I pen the opening words of this letter. "Why sigh?" You would sigh, too, in my position. After a long absence from this capital, I return to resume those communications which, I flatter myself, were so welcome in your columns, and the first production I am called upon to notice is Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, brought out at the Royal Operahouse on the 1st of April, a date, by the way, extremely applicable to the fools who rave about the Music of the Future, and not altogether inapplicable to those managers who pander to the ravings of the fools aforesaid, sacrificing the voices and time of their artists, besides lavishing the pecuniary resources of the establishments under their direction, in getting up such trash. Do you think that people are sincere when they say they admire Herr R. Wagner's music? If you do, I do not.

What I do think, however, is that a great many Germans—mind I do not say all—allow their patriotism to obtain the mastery over their common sense, and cannot "abide the notion," as Mrs. Gamp might express it, of not having some musical genius, some great composer, to continue the long line of those giants of the art: Haydn, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, *cum multis aliis*, who have shed such splendour upon their Fatherland. Having no one else, and being very good-natured, easy-going folk, constantly assured—by Herr Wagner himself—that the author-composer of *Lohengrin* possesses the *divinus afflatus* to an eminent degree, they indulge in the absurd enthusiasm for the gentleman, which renders them objects of pity—tinctured with a dash of contempt—to the innumerable lovers of true art, both among their own countrymen and foreigners. Will this madness, this infatuation, last? Most certainly not. It is an ephemeral whim, a passing caprice, and the Music of the Future will as surely soon be a thing of the Past as bicycles, and chignons, Grecian bends, and Ethiopian melodies.

"On revient toujours
A ses premières amours;"

ere long, the misguided individuals will see the error of their ways, and feel heartily ashamed that, justified as they are in boasting that Germany has given birth to some of the most stupendous musicians the world ever knew, they were contented to worship so long at the shrine of one whom they now designate a Prophet, but whom every man with a spark of feeling for the Beautiful cannot hesitate, a single moment, in designating a false Prophet.

I do not suppose any work ever brought out at the Royal Operahouse had been more carefully prepared than *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. All the resources of the vast establishment had been applied, for months past, to the task. As for the number of rehearsals, their name was legion. There were four and twenty with full band! In fact, they were so numerous, and taxed so severely the powers of all concerned, that, on several occasions, the usual evening performance could not take place, a circumstance highly gratifying, doubtless, to the managers of the other theatres, whose treasuries benefited by it, but not quite so pleasing to those foreigners or provincials who might have been desirous of visiting the far-famed Berlin Operahouse and found it closed, as tight as the Money Market during a panic, on the only evening they were here. For months, the scene-painters, the costumiers, the machinists, the—in a word: the everybody, had been employed early and late on this offspring of Herr R. Wagner's Muse, or rather Muses, for he is on as good terms with Melpomene and Thalia as with Euterpe, till they must have thought of nothing but *Die Meistersinger* all day, and dreamt of nothing else all night—till their whole existence must have been as fully flavoured with Wagnerian music—well, yes, I suppose I must call it so—with Wagnerian music; Wagnerian poe—well, I suppose, etc.—Wagnerian poetry, and Wagnerian hum—no! I can not style it humour—with Wagnerian attempts at fun and comicality, as Spanish cookery is with garlic. Even the most fanatic lunatic—no, I mean Wagnerite, will never have the face to assert that, supposing *Die Meistersinger* should fail to become a stock opera here—a contingency I humbly consider as by no means beyond the bounds of probability—the non-success of the work is attributable to any want of exertion on the part of the management to ensure for it a triumph.

Is it necessary—indeed it is not slightly superfluous—to say that the musical public was in a state of great excitement, and that the vast Operahouse presented on the night of the first instant a most animated scene? Every place was occupied, and every class represented. Literary men jostled grave jurists; red-hot Wagnerites were elbowed by their Master's peculiar pets: individuals whose swarthy complexions and unmistakably curved noses—not Roman noses—proclaimed them members of the Israelitish persuasion; and musicians, old-fashioned and stupid enough to believe still in Mendelssohn and Bach, stumbled, in their eagerness to reach their seats, over the clanking sabres of local military Dundrearys of the "Yarde" (martial swell Berlinese dialect for

"Garde"). And then the ladies! How they forced their way through the swaying crowd, as though dresses could never be spoilt by crushing; how—though living in days when they attach so much importance to capillary attraction, that they must fancy their beauty depends altogether on their tresses, just as Sampson's strength depended on his—they dashed fearlessly into the human Maelstrom, as though back hair could never be rudely torn, by some untoward wrench, from the head of its fair owner.

At length, Herr Eckert, the conductor, made his appearance in the orchestra, and shortly afterwards, looking round to see that the instrumental army under his command were ready, gave the signal, and the opera began. The following was the cast:—Eva, M^{lle}. Mallinger; Magdalena, M^{lle}. Brandt; Stolzing, Herr Niemann; Hans Sachs, Herr Betz; Pogner, Herr Fricke; Kothner, Herr Krause; the Schusterlehrling, Herr Krüger; and Beckmesser, Herr Basse—poor Herr Basse!

And what was the result of all the exertions, of all the labour, of all the expenditure lavished upon *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*? There was some applause, which Herr R. Wagner's admirers, strengthening their mental vision with a microscope, equal in power to that which, at the Polytechnic, so disagreeably initiates the spectator into the mysteries of a drop of water, or the structure of the domestic flea—there was, I repeat, some applause, which Herr R. Wagner's admirers will doubtless magnify into a triumph. But—but—but "un flor non fa girlanda," and the laurels Herr R. Wagner reaped on the 1st inst., are certainly not plentiful enough to weave him a wreath sufficient to obviate the necessity of his purchasing a *toupet*, supposing him to be bald, and, like Caesar, desirous of concealing his baldness. The first act went pretty well, I must confess, and Herr Niemann (Stolzing), besides being encoined in the last verse of his song, was called on at the end of the act. In the second act, however, it was apparent that the audience were getting rather bored, and they did not receive the interminable dialogue with the same gusto with which the author-composer, who, we know, entertains his own views of comic writing, penned it. At length, they could stand it no longer, and broke out into a nice tumult, laughing, hissing, coughing, and stamping. This increased rather than diminished during the notorious cudgelling scene, often described in your columns, a scene which is of course highly symbolical of something or other in the eyes of the initiated, but which, in the opinion of the *profanum vulgus*, of whom I am one, appears more fitted for a travelling circus, or "the spill and pelt" scene in an English pantomime, than for the boards of a national art-institute like the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. The curtain fell at the conclusion of this act amid tremendous uproar. Herr Niemann was again greatly, and deservedly, applauded in the third act, but even his admirable performance could not compensate for the dreary monotony of the piece, and, long before the final fall of the curtain, which happened at half-past ten, a great number of persons had left the house. "In for a penny, in for a pound" being my motto—or one of my mottoes—I stopped to the end. Like an enthusiastic fox-hunter, I determined to be in at the death, in case the piece should not survive the first performance—or that some of the artists should not. When the last note had been played, there was a call for the latter, and, certainly, if ever artists deserved a call they did. To say they worked like niggers would be giving a very feeble idea of the way in which they exerted themselves; they worked very *un-like* niggers, who are about as lazy a race as any in existence. The orchestra played magnificently; the chorus never exhibited more zeal and correctness—was never less "chorussy"; the *mise-en-scène* was admirable, and reflected great credit upon the stage-manager, Herr Hein; the scenery and dresses were excellent, and, in fact, the performance possessed all the elements of an immense operatic victory, except two—rather important elements, though—namely: good music and good words. And so much, at present, for *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

I intended to have forwarded a short account of the changes that have taken place in the *personnel* of the Operahouse since I last addressed you, and, also, to describe what is going on generally in musical circles; but my letter is already so long that, with your permission, I will defer the execution of my intention till next week, or the week after. Meanwhile, allow me to say, as sincerely as ever,

VAL.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Medea," scena ed aria per soprano, by Alberto Randegger; "Take this Forget-me-Not," song, by Adolph Gollmick.
CHAPPELL & Co.—"By the way of the Sea," ballad, by R. St-man, Mus. Doc.
GASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN.—"The History of the Pianoforte," by Edgar Brinsmead.
LAMBERT COCK & Co.—"My Dream," song, by Josephine Williams (R.A.M.)
DUFF & STEWART.—Six Pieces for the Pianoforte, by Johannes Winkelhaus.
ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Sydney Smith's Method for the Pianoforte," "I'll twine for thee a wreath of flowers," ballad, by Robert Hilton.
SHEPHERD.—"Philomel Waltz," by G. Richardson.

DEATH.

On April 14th, at Ealing, SUSANNAH, wife of JOHN COOPER, Esq., aged 74, sincerely regretted by many friends.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedience may suggest.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL PROGRAMME.

WE owe it to the importance of the Festival to be held this year in the "hardware capital" (so-called) to give the programme, recently made known, all the attention in our power. We have published it once, and we do so again, by way of text to a brief commentary. The scheme is as follows:—

"Tuesday, the 30th of August:—Morning, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; evening, a new cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, by J. F. Barnett, and a miscellaneous selection. Wednesday: Morning, Costa's *Naaman*; evening, a miscellaneous selection, comprising a new instrumental work by Mr. A. S. Sullivan. Thursday, 1st of September:—Morning, Handel's *Messiah*; evening, a new cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*, by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, and a miscellaneous selection. Friday:—Morning, a new oratorio, *St. Peter*, by Mr. Benedict; and Mozart's *Requiem*; evening, Handel's *Samson*.

"Probably," says the *Daily Post*, which paper we quote because we agree with it:—

"The first impression produced by a perusal of this copious catalogue is one of surprise at the exceeding familiarity of its leading features. The four largest and best-known works, *Elijah*, *Messiah*, *Samson*, and *Naaman*, occupy so much of the ground, that little or no room seems to be left for novelty; and that room, we are prone to think, is not always apportioned to the best advantage. Further consideration, however, soon convinces us that the framers of the scheme have shown more judgment than we at first gave them credit for, and that the Festival of 1870 will really contain as much promising novelty as any of its predecessors. It must not be forgotten, in the first place, that two of the mornings are disposed of in advance, by prescriptive usage, and that *Elijah* is as unalterable a feature of the opening day, as the *Messiah* is of the Thursday. Neither in the interests of art nor of money, could these fixtures be advantageously disturbed. There remain, then, only Wednesday and Friday mornings and the four evenings to provide for. Custom and public opinion have devoted the evenings, as a rule, to secular and miscellaneous concerts, and that rule cannot with safety be interfered with, to the extent of more than one evening; so that three sacred or oratorio concerts are really all the great opportunities at the disposal of the Committee. In providing for these requirements, the problem to be studied is how to reconcile, on the one hand, the often conflicting claims of Fame and Profit, and, on the other, the executive needs with the artistic means at disposal; for it is scarcely less important than the engagement of the artists, that they should be employed to advantage. These varied and, to some extent, opposing requirements seem to us to be very satisfactorily met in the apportionment of the Wednesday and Friday mornings, and Friday evening. Apart from its high musical pretensions, *Naaman*, as the masterpiece of Sir Michael Costa, to whom the Birmingham Festivals are so largely indebted for past and present services, possesses strong claims to a place in the scheme; and even had its merits been less conspicuous, the Committee could not with any grace have omitted it, after Sir Michael's good-natured resumption of the bâton he formally

relinquished three years ago. Wednesday morning, therefore, is assigned to *Naaman* the last and best of the works with which its composer has enriched musical art and the Birmingham Festival repertoire."

Under a certain obligation to produce the works spoken of by our contemporary, the directors had but limited room for other things. They resolved, properly enough, to devote proper attention to new compositions; and, hence, the almost exclusive occupation of their remaining space by Messrs. Benedict, Hiller, Sullivan, and Barnett. That the result will justify the course adopted, we have not the smallest doubt. On this head we may again quote our Birmingham contemporary, whose remarks are worthy the reputation he has acquired for just and sound criticism:—

"All who are acquainted with Mr. Benedict's music, and those especially, who had the privilege of hearing his *St. Cecilia*, at the last Festival, will see in this announcement the promise of a great work,—one not unworthy, perchance, to rank near Mendelssohn's treatment of the companion theme, and second to none of our time in elevation of sentiment, melodic charm, and musical scholarship. With Mr. Benedict's oratorio is bracketed Mozart's sublime *Requiem*—the song of the swan, and the masterpiece alike of its class and its composer. It is difficult to understand why fifteen years should have been allowed to elapse since this matchless work was heard at a Birmingham Festival. In devoting Friday evening to *Samson*, the Committee but follow the precedent so successfully led in 1861, when for the first time, the evening previously wasted on a failing and unremunerative ball, was given up to an oratorio of Handel. The performance of *Samson* on the Wednesday morning of 1861, was one of the most effective of that brilliant meeting; and we have no doubt that on the Friday evening of the current year's Festival, it will prove equally satisfactory. The other evenings, as we have said, are necessarily devoted to secular and miscellaneous concerts; but they will not therefore lack novelty. Tuesday evening will be signalized by the production of a new cantata on the subject of Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*, by Mr. J. Francis Barnett. On Wednesday, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has made great advance in his art since the production of his *Kenilworth*, in 1864—witness his admirable *Prodigal Son*, produced at last year's Worcester Festival—will be represented by a new instrumental work—whether overture or symphony, the record saith not. The most decided novelty of the Festival is reserved for Thursday evening, when the veteran composer, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, will, for the first time in his long art career, contribute and conduct in person a new cantata, composed expressly for this Festival. *Nala and Damayanti*, as the work in question is entitled, is said to be founded on an Indian poem, and will, therefore, be as foreign in colour and subject as it is in title. Altogether, this provisional programme is a promising one."

So say we, and not less promising is the list of artists whose engagements have been made known. The *Post* might have said much on this head—much, for example, as regards the appearance of so many excellent English artists—Arabella Goddard, Sims Reeves, and Santley at the head of them. On the whole the Birmingham prospects are bright, and the Festival of 1870 is not likely to discredit the most successful of its predecessors.

—O—
OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE musical news from Russia is distinctly of a personal kind. The great Gospodin Rubinstein (says a contemporary), inflated perhaps by the success of his *Tower of Babel* at Königsberg, has been misbehaving himself at Moscow, in token of which the president of a tribunal has sentenced him to pay a fine of 25 roubles with the option of a week's imprisonment. Rubinstein is professor of the piano at the Moscow Conservatorium where he practises, it would seem, the brusque mode of tuition which has rendered him so popular as a private teacher with numbers of the Moscow young ladies. Rubinstein, artistic talent apart, is celebrated for his power of making his pupils cry. His skill, however, in this particular does not seem to be appreciated at the Conservatorium, where the students probably are more for solid instruction than for novel sensations. At all events, a certain Miss Voskresenskaia, accused by Rubinstein of inattention, and called into his awful presence to receive a few words of solemn warning

and rebuke, showed by her demeanour that she wished to be spoken to politely. When Rubinstein raised his voice she turned over the leaves of a book instead of listening to him. He then told the perverse girl (in a still louder voice) to "get out;" upon which she "got out," and hurrying home told her father of the language and tone adopted towards her by the stern professor. A peace-justice before whom Gospodin Rubinstein was summoned dismissed the case; but upon being brought before a higher tribunal he was sentenced to the penalty above mentioned. The specific charge made against him was that of "offering insults."

MEYERBEER'S *Africaine* has at length been produced at Dantzig. Speaking of the fact, Herr F. W. Markall observes, in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*: "It has been a long time coming, but—it has come at last. The same thing happens to all Meyerbeer's operas at provincial theatres. In the first place, there always arises a discussion as to the impossibility of adapting these show-operas to the modest resources of a provincial theatre, and then, though not, perhaps, till years have elapsed, it is found possible, after all, to produce them, with a great *mise-en-scène*, or without. It is thus that, without exception, all Meyerbeer's great operas have been produced at Dantzig; and if *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*, have become completely established as popular works here, they are, most assuredly, not indebted to it for the splendour of the *mise-en-scène*. This may be taken as a proof that Meyerbeer's is something more than music relying merely on scenery, and that the speculating upon effects, of which classical rigorists have so frequently accused this master, enabled him to accomplish results such as no other composer of modern times ever achieved in the sphere of opera." At Dantzig, as elsewhere, *L'Africaine* is a great success.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Signale*, writing from Prague, says:—"It has recently become the fashion, whenever a female Italian vocalist, old and forgotten, closes her eyes in some out-of-the-way corner of the earth, to state that she created the part of Zerlina in Mozart's *Don Juan*. We find this assertion made in the necrological notice now going the round of the press, of Mdle. Codecassa, the beautiful Saporiti. Now it is an established fact that the first Zerlina in Prague was Signora Bondini. On the 5th January, 1834, Herr Stepanek, a theatrical manager, related, in the preface to his Bohemian translation of *Don Juan*, what he had heard from the lips of trustworthy witnesses, concerning the early representations of this opera of operas. He tells us very humorously how Mozart, who, as we are all aware, himself directed the rehearsals at Prague, unexpectedly caught hold of Madame Bondini (Zerlina) who, not loud enough in the *finale* of the first act to please him, and grasped her so tightly that, in her fright, she gave a scream, which he begged her to repeat at the public performance. Signora Micelli, who sustained the part of Elvira, cast some black looks at Mozart, for taking, in her opinion, the *tempo* too fast. Mozart remarked this, but paid no attention to it. He punished her by exclaiming, when she had finished, 'Bravo, Donella!' When, on the dissolution of the Italian operatic company, *Don Juan* was given for the first time in German, the representative of Zerlina was Mdle. Müller, afterwards Madame Grünbaum."

THE most pressing offers have been made to Herr Hans Von Bülow to conduct Herr R. Wagner's *Walkyrie* at Munich. No person still in the possession of his right senses will be surprised to learn that Herr Von Bülow has sternly refused. The new Joint-Stock Theatre has been sold by auction a second time. The price was 75,000 florins, and the purchaser, a Herr Hemeter. This entails a loss of more than 600,000 florins upon the first cost. The holders of preference stock will lose fifty per cent; the original shareholders will lose everything.

THE movement for instructing women in science and art goes bravely on at South Kensington, and is now to include music, which accounts for our noticing the affair here. We were by no means sure that music would have attention, because it is just the art most useful and becoming to those whom the South Kensingtonians teach. As things go, we are justified in regarding

this as fatal to its claims. But the South Kensingtonians are disposed to violate precedent and be practical; they are also disposed to do thoroughly what they attempt. Hence the engagement of Mr. Arthur Sullivan as teacher, and hence the peculiar course of teaching he will superintend. The ladies are actually to learn something of the theory of music! Shades of departed Minerva's and has it come to this! Can it be that a woman shall know the difference between what is written in the clef of C and that of G! Ah! well, these are times. Moreover, Mr. Sullivan is required to teach his fair pupils how to sing in parts, and to convey much information about musical "colour" and the like. Moreover, and further—but why go on? Let every lady who loves music, who has the time to indulge her love, and the inclination to sacrifice for it the price of a new bonnet, rally round Mr. Sullivan in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum on Tuesday next at 11 in the morning. The doubtful can look on for half-a-crown and see how they like Mr. Sullivan, his words and ways.

CARLOTTA PATTI IN AMERICA.

(From the "Macon (Georgia) Telegraph," March 4, 1870.)

Another crowded house greeted Mdle. Carlotta Patti and her talented company last night at Concert Hall. The audience, as on Wednesday, was composed almost entirely of the *élite* and refined of the city, and we do not think we ever saw an audience more delighted with an evening's entertainment. There was not a piece in the programme, from first to last, that was not most rapturously applauded and its repetition demanded. To properly appreciate the wonderful, the charming, the almost inspired vocalization of Carlotta Patti, one must hear her sing a second or third time, and at intervals of twenty-four or forty-eight hours. The sweetness and compass of her voice, together with its brilliancy of execution, bewilders one at first, and amid mingled emotions of admiration and enthusiasm one is very apt to form a conception of her vocal powers below what those powers really are. In other words, she intoxicates the senses at first, and until they sober down by reflection and become accustomed, so to speak, to the magic spell, we fail to compensate her genius. Therefore, we liked her singing last night better than on the night before, because we had a higher appreciation of it—were better prepared to love while we listened. And such is more or less the case with every member of this troupe.

"Where's my Music?"

Said the Giant.

"Madame Arabella Goddard is about to leave for the Continent. American journals express a great desire that she would visit the United States."

Mr. Punch seldom interferes with a lady's arrangements, but on the present occasion he begs leave—takes it, in fact—to express a great desire that Madame Arabella Goddard would not visit the United States. As for the Continent, it is too late to grumble; but had we known of her intention, we should have taken the liberty of serving a *ne exeat* on her. We are not clear that we cannot demand her back, under the Extradition Treaty. Perfection in Art has its duties as well as its rights, and Madame Arabella Goddard's first duty is to *Punch*. Who, in her absence, is to play Beethoven and Mendelssohn to him in the way his soul loveth? Who is to convert his grand pianoforte from a box of (possible) music into a living and singing thing? He doesn't pause for a reply; for if anybody said anything but "Nobody," it would be bad times for that adventurer. If, however, this trip is merely an affair of a holiday, after a detestable winter, and much artistic work, gloriously done, Mr. Punch will say no more, except that he is rather a ready hand at peremptorily telegraphing. But as for the United States—not if the President undertook to send, in return, a receipt for the Alabama claim, and a *douceur* to Mr. Punch of all that was made by the Erie Ring in the days of the gold-jobbery.

"Goddardus, whence the Goddards, was seated in England before Richard the Second," says the learned Mr. Mark Antony Lower; and the sooner Madame Goddard is seated in England before a Broadwood, the better Mr. Punch will be pleased.

Punch.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

AN evening concert took place on Friday week in St. Luke's School-room, Nutford Place, Edgeware Road, for the blind poor of London. The vocalists were Mesdames Marie Stocken, Ethel Brock, Talbot-Cherer, and Flora Hilbron, with Messrs. R. Soppitt and Charles James Bishenden. Several excellent selections were given, and deservedly applauded. Mr. Bishenden in his ballad, "Dearer to my soul thou art," created a legitimate effect. Messrs. W. Ganz, W. Wilkinson, and Stanislaus, presided at the pianoforte.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S first *matinée* for the season took place in the Queen's Concert Rooms, on Saturday last. Mr. Macfarren played, with his usual ability, Beethoven's *fantasie* (Op. 97); *Album Blatt* (Op. 117), Mendelssohn; and *Andante* (Op. 82) by the same composer, together with his own *Saltarelle-romance*, "Parini les Montagnes," and impromptu, "Mountain Stream." He also, in conjunction with Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Henry Holmes, played Mozart's trio, in E flat, and with his talented pupil, Miss Linda Scates, Hummel's grand duet, in A flat, for two pianofortes, which was deservedly applauded. His own new sonata, for pianoforte and violin, played by himself and Mr. W. H. Holmes, contributed to the success of the *matinée*. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne and Miss Randal. The former sang two charming sacred songs by Mr. W. Macfarren, and "The first Violet," by Mendelssohn. Miss Randal gave songs by Handel and Schubert with excellent effect.

UNDER the auspices of Miss Owen (daughter of the Rev. Mr. Owen, rector of St. Jude's, Chelsea), a concert of vocal and instrumental music took place on Wednesday evening, the 20th instant, for the benefit of the St. Jude's National Schools. Great praise is due to the accomplished lady who organized the concert, and induced so many distinguished amateurs to give their aid. Among the vocal gems were "Non più mesta," sung by Miss Braham, who was encored, and a Spanish song, "La Colasa," by the same lady, who accompanied on the guitar. Gorla's "Souvenir de Bellini" was played on the pianoforte by Miss Sagrini, with an expression and brilliancy of execution which brought down a storm of applause. Her style is pure and elegant, remarkable for delicacy and finish, qualities for the display of which those genuine melodies, "Mira O Norma," and the *finale* to the second act of *La Sonnambula* gave ample opportunity. Signor Nappi was encored in Rossini's "La Danza;" and Signor Bianchi accompanied the vocal music. The room was full, and the concert a decided success.

THE professional students of the London Academy of Music combined their forces last week to give what may after all be termed an amateur concert, at St. George's Hall. The character of such entertainments need no comment, save that they do not involve the miseries sometimes inflicted by the totally untaught, nor any of the heart-burnings not unfrequent amongst professionals of long standing. Such a concert may be likened to a friendly passage at arms, where the foils are well buttoned, the faces well masked, and the gloves fairly distributed amongst ladies and gentlemen alike. Of a programme comprising exactly three dozen pieces what can be said, except an expression of regret that much of the best was thrown into the second half of an overgrown evening, and that many of the audience were induced, by sheer fatigue, to leave without hearing that which might have delighted them? Amongst the most promising may be mentioned Miss Matilda Scott, a medallist, who produced a powerful impression in "Ah non giunge." Mr. Desmond Ryan's name is new as that of a vocalist, well known as the name has been for years in all artistic circles. He made nothing short of a hit in Ricci's "Sulla poppa," displaying a fine baritone voice of remarkable register in the trio in E flat of Hummel. Pianoforte by Miss Chrissia Baker, associate and lady teacher; violin, Herr Ludwig, and violoncello, M. Paque, both professors; we find in our programme the emphatic word, "good," and something decidedly stronger to Miss Weale's "Ah! fors è lui." Those who heard this lady could not feel any doubt of her power to do justice to Verdi. Her clear and sympathetic voice rang through the hall with brilliant effect; and, doubtless, with a little more study, Miss Weale may have a successful future. The concert seemed to give great satisfaction.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The 33rd and last concert of the 12th season (the 355th since the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted) was, as usual, for the benefit of the director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell; as usual, St. James's Hall was crowded in every part; and, as usual, the programme was of that "miscellaneous" character which happily makes this particular occasion an exceptional one. There were three pianists—Madame Schumann, Mr. Hallé, and Herr Pauer. Madame Schumann and Mr. Hallé each introduced a solo—the lady selecting Chopin's

well-known *Scherzo* in B flat minor, Op. 31; the gentlemen, three of the equally well-known *Harpsichord Lessons* of Domenico Scarlatti. Herr Pauer, less ambitious, was satisfied to join Signor Piatti in Beethoven's *Variations*, for pianoforte and violoncello, on "See the conquering hero comes"—in which Handel's primitive melody, it must be admitted, bears away the palm from each and all of the (for Beethoven) not very interesting variations—twelve in number. The incomparable violoncellist, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Benedict, gave the *Romance sans Paroles*, in D, which Mendelssohn composed for the celebrated lady violoncellist, Mdle. Lisa Cristiani—a posthumous publication, as graceful as it is unpretending. An organ solo, in the shape of a *chorale* with variations, in E flat, by Mr. Henry Smart, an admirable composition, executed with admirable skill by Master Charles Le Jeune, began the first part; and the slow movement from Spohr's sixth violin concerto (in G minor), played by Herr Joachim as only Herr Joachim can play, and accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Zerbini, began the second part of the concert. Master Le Jeune, instead of giving "O, ruddier than the cherry" in response to the loud applause of the audience, would have done more wisely had he restored the three variations which, very unwisely, he had omitted from the work of Mr. Smart. Herr Joachim's performance created, and no wonder, extraordinary enthusiasm. He was twice called back, and in spite of the printed admonition of Mr. Chappell—entreats the audience, in consideration of the length of the programme, not to insist upon encores—the great artist was compelled to play one more piece, his choice this time falling on one of those movements from the solo sonatas of Bach, in the execution of which he is unrivalled. Miss Edith Wynne gave three songs—Cherubini's "Ave Maria" (clarinet *obbligato*, Mr. Lazarus); Mr. Benedict's "Maiden's Dream" (accompanied by the composer); and Mr. A. S. Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute" (also accompanied by its composer). The concert terminated with Bach's concerto in C major, for three pianofortes—executants, Madame Schumann, Mr. Hallé, and Herr Pauer. But the most interesting feature of the programme was Mendelssohn's magnificent quintet, for strings, in B flat, Op. 87 ("posthumous"), magnificently led by Herr Joachim, who, in MM. L. Ries (second violin), Straus and Zerbini (violas), and Piatti (violoncello), found worthy coadjutors. The *Andante Scherzando* (in G minor) and *Adagio* (in D minor) of this quintet were worth the whole concert. It may be remembered by not a few amateurs that the quintet in B flat was the first piece at the first Monday Popular Concert—February 14, 1859, when it was performed by MM. Wieniawski, L. Ries, Doyle, Schreurs, and Piatti. It was as welcome now as then, and sounded just as fresh, although it has been given eleven times since in St. James's Hall.

The season just terminated has been remarkable for the more than usually frequent production of pieces either altogether new or but little familiar to Mr. Chappell's habitual supporters. Most of these were brought forward at the instigation of Herr Joachim, who all through the season has been playing his very best—which means the best of the best; and, to single out one instance from many, whose performance in Beethoven's great quartet, Op. 132, in B flat, one of the most wonderful of the series that used erroneously to be denominated "Posthumous," can never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear it.

The Monday Popular Concerts are to be resumed in November. Every lover of genuine music must desire their continued success.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—The Scotsman of April 15th says:—

"Professor Oakeley played yesterday afternoon on the organ in the Music Class-room the following selection of music, chiefly chosen as being appropriate to the season:—

"Overture, 'Passione,' Haydn. Chorus, 'Behold the Lamb of God'; Air, 'He was despised.' Choruses: 'Surely He hath borne our griefs,' 'And with His stripes we are healed' (*Messiah*), Handel. Solo and chorus, 'Though all thy friends forsake Thee' (*Calvary*), Spohr. Choruses: 'Rex tremendæ Majestatis,' 'Dies iræ' (*Requiem*), Mozart. Armonia Religiosa, or 'Silver Trumpets' (as heard in the dome of St. Peter's, Rome). Allegretto, Symphony No. 8, Beethoven. Etude (partly in canon) for Pedal-Flügel, Schumann. Fugue for organ in E flat (a 5 voci), Bach.

"As this is, if we mistake not, the last organ recital for the season, we cannot help expressing our gratification at the great privilege which the lovers of music in Edinburgh have enjoyed from time to time in the opportunities of hearing this magnificent organ played by a performer of Mr. Oakeley's musical knowledge and feeling, and technical

skill. Last year, enjoyable as were the organ recitals, one could not but be sensible that the organ was so powerful as to cause a reverberation, which greatly interfered with its effect. This defect has now been completely surmounted, in the first place, by the draping of the hall; and, in the second place, by what is still more important, the erection of a beautiful organ-case—the gift of a munificent benefactor to the cause of music, whose name we would gladly mention, but for his understood desire that it should not be made public. The complete success of the new arrangements was evinced by the fugue that closed yesterday's programme, where he had the full power of the instrument, yet the sound was so clear that the merest tyro in music could have no difficulty in following all the parts. The æsthetic are no ways inferior to the acoustic merits of the organ-case; and the curtain of green velvet, embroidered with gold lace—the gift of some of the ladies who have been present at the performances—sets it off to the greatest advantage. We are also glad to see a correct representation of the arms of the founder of the Music Chair figuring conspicuously in front of the organ."

SLOUGH.—A correspondent writes:—

"Mr. Orlando Christian gave a very successful concert here on Tuesday, April 19th, the Literary Institution being well filled. The artists were Madame Emmeline Cole, Miss Lazarus, R.A.M., and Messrs. Large, Smith, Mellor, Christian, &c., of the Windsor and Eton Choirs. Rindgeger's trio, 'I Naviganti,' nicely rendered by Madame E. Cole and Messrs. Mellor and Christian, was loudly encored. Wade's 'Love was once a little boy,' given by Madame Cole, and Gounod's fine song, 'The Valley,' sung by Mr. Christian, were both encored; and the glees and part-songs came in for a large share of applause. Miss Lazarus was solo pianist and accompanist."

READING.—The Choral Union performed the *Messiah* on Monday, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Birch, the principals being Madame E. Cole, Miss Fanny Reeves, Mr. Elliot Galer, and Mr. O. Christian, who sang in their usual artistic manner. The band, led by Mr. John Day, played excellently.

MR. AYRTON AND SUNDAY BANDS.

The "intelligent foreigner" who is always supposed to be "among us, takin' notes," has, probably, got it written down somewhere, that our Government supplies the people with such music as may be heard in the national recreation grounds. He is mistaken as usual, but the mistake is very natural. All over the Continent the Sunday music of military bands is a recognized attraction of the day; and being so cheap a means of pleasure in proportion to its results, a stranger might well suppose that a government having any sympathy for the governed would be quick to use it. But we have our own way of doing things in England—or, rather, the English Government, when the pleasure of the people is concerned, has its own way of *not* doing things. In all such matters our high officials are devotees of voluntarism. Their motto is, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself;" and their creed, "God helps those who help themselves." So they look on, and only throw an impediment, now and then, in the way of those who would do the work; taking care beforehand that the direct instruments of impeding shall have no sympathy with the cause.

Everybody knows that the control of the parks and of the bands therein belongs to Acton Smee Ayrton, Esq., M.P. for the Tower Hamlets. The choice of this gentleman for his present post was so curious that it can only be explained by curious considerations. In the first place, Mr. Ayrton was an independent member with a disagreeable and untiring tongue, which it was desirable to silence by the gag of office. Next, he possessed no special qualifications, a fact testified by his own speeches. For these reasons, and these alone, so far as we can see, Acton Smee Ayrton, Esq., was made First Commissioner of Works. It was tolerably certain that, sooner or later, Mr. Ayrton would do something disagreeable. If he could no longer make bitter speeches in the House, in the parks he reigned supreme; and, moreover, could there spread annoyance over a larger area. Hence, when there was talk of disallowing the flowers, some time ago, people called to mind who was First Commissioner and nobody wondered. Nobody wonders now that Mr. Ayrton has thought fit to interfere with the good folk who take the trouble to provide the parks with Sunday bands. The First Commissioner has, it appears, done two distinct things. In the first place he has said to the "Regent, Victoria, and Battersea Parks Sunday Bands Committee," "You shall have nothing at all to do with music in the Regent's Park," and, next, "You shall not play dance music in the places to which your licence is now limited." Very naturally this arbitrary interference roused the committee, and a deputation waited

upon Mr. Ayrton last Wednesday week to remonstrate upon the subject. The deputation was introduced by Mr. R. M. Morrell, who is reported to have said "since the band of the Regent's Park had been placed under the control of the proprietor of the chairs in the park the band had been diminished by one-half. The Band Committee of the Sunday League considered that they were the trustees of the public to provide for the efficient performance of music in the parks, and they objected to their being handed over to a mere private speculator. The other point they wished to press on the minister was that, although permission had been given to them to perform music on Sunday in the Victoria and Battersea Parks, yet they were prohibited from performing dance music. They considered it above all necessary that they should perform lively and not dull heavy music, and were at a loss to know what objection there could be to the performance of quadrilles founded upon the national airs. Mr. Morrell pointed out that during fourteen years in which music had been performed in the parks there had been no disorder or any occasion for the interference of the police. It did not follow that because they performed dance music, people danced, although perhaps a few young persons on the outside might."

It appears from this that Mr. Ayrton means to traffic in the Sunday bands, and so "turn an honest penny" for our Liberal Government. We should like to know the conditions of contract between the First Commissioner of Works and the chair proprietor of Regent's Park; how much the latter engages to give the former for the privilege of farming the Sunday bands, and also whether there are any clauses to prevent the chair proprietor from acting upon his own notion of what a band should be. These particulars forthcoming, the public would most likely have in possession a curiosity of state only to be paralleled by the Royal patents of former days. With regard to the dance music question, we must go to Mr. Ayrton himself for light. Here is his reply to the deputation:—"Mr. Ayrton said that he wished to disabuse the deputation of the idea that they were acting as trustees for the people. The only trustee for the people in this matter was himself—he was appointed by law. They, on the other hand, were a self-constituted body of persons who wished to perform music in the parks, and had obtained permission to do so under certain conditions. One of those conditions was that they were not to perform a description of music which was disagreeable to the ordinary visitors of the park, and he was informed that dance music was. Moreover, there was plenty of lively music which was not of that description. Their object should be to elevate and not degrade the national taste. There was no objection to the performance of the national melodies with any variations they pleased, but it certainly was never the intention of the composers to degrade them into dance music in the shape of quadrilles, waltzes, or polkas. The custom was commenced by M. Jullien, who, he considered, did a great deal of harm to the national music and greatly vitiated the public taste. However that may be, it was plain that the primary object of the parks was to enable people to walk or ride in them, and they were not to have their feelings outraged because the Sunday League wished to play dance music. With regard to the diminution of the band since the chair proprietor of Regent's Park undertook to provide it, he would make inquiries. So long as the chair proprietor provided a proper band and proper music he was not disposed to take it out of his hands on the assumption that the Sunday Bands Committee were in the performance of a public trust. Mr. Palmer asked whether the right honourable gentleman would undertake to define dance music, because if they played an operatic selection they might be accused of infringing the law. Mr. Ayrton said that dance music was perfectly well known to musicians, and they must have one to conduct their band. They certainly would not be allowed to select all the dances out of operatic selections and perform them under the title of operatic music. In dance music he included the whole category of polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, and all sorts of hurdy-gurdy music, &c. It was quite a mistake to suppose that because the people chose to pay for it they could have anything they liked in the Royal park; and, in point of fact, he had had applications for races, merry-go-rounds, and all sorts of other amusements in the parks, on the plea that the people would pay for them. No doubt, if he put aside part of the parks for cock-fighting, people would be found to pay for it. They would make the park a tea-garden first and a bear-garden afterwards if such applications were granted." We pass over the insolent tone of this speech (not without sorrow that the speaker is an English State official) in order to say, at once, that Mr. Ayrton's objection to dance music is wholly incomprehensible, unless he has been "got at" by the Lord's Day Society. What he says

about degrading the national taste is simply absurd, while his hit at poor M. Julien is positively unjust. We cannot, however, expect Mr. Ayrton to know that there is dance music in *Guillaume Tell*, in the *Africaine*, and a dozen other operas which may claim to rank with the classics of art; we cannot expect him to know that all the great composers, from Bach downwards, have written what he calls "hurdy-gurdy music;" neither can we expect him to know that M. Julien did more to improve the taste of this country than any other man living or dead. Mr. Ayrton has himself confessed his ignorance of art, and therefore blunders are natural to him when dealing with artistic questions. That dance music should be prohibited at all out of regard for a minority who could easily keep their delicate sensibilities out of its reach is bad enough; that it should be prohibited by an official who evidently knows nothing about the matter, adds insult to injury. We hope the Sunday Bands Committee will not let the affair rest, they must teach the "trustee for the people" what the people require of him.

THADDEUS EGG.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The activity displayed thus early in the season by the Covent Garden managers is remarkable. We have already noticed the production of four operas, and to these we have now to add a fifth and a sixth—all, be it understood, comprised within the history of less than a fortnight.

Guillaume Tell, the last of the four works to which we have referred, was followed by *Lucrezia Borgia*. But for one incident a line might suffice to inform our readers that Donizetti's well-worn and, in a musical sense, semi-tragic opera had been brought out. With Mdlle. Tietjens in the theatre that notable event was pretty sure to occur in due course. How Mdlle. Tietjens acts and sings the part of *Lucrezia* has been described so frequently and in such detail that it would be superfluous to say more than that her voice was in perfect order; that she was—what she had not been on the night of *Fidelio*—complete mistress of her means; and that her performance throughout was admirable. Signor Graziani played the Duke of Ferrara as mysteriously and gave his music as effectively as ever; and Signor Naudin, who, taking into consideration the extent and variety of his repertory, is one of the most generally serviceable tenors on the Italian stage, was the Gennaro. The popular trio, "Guai se ti sfugge un moto"—when the Duke, to the despair of *Lucrezia*, persuades Gennaro to drink from the goblet steeped in the Borgian poison, uncommonly well sung by the artists we have named, was encored and repeated—having stated which, we are absolved from entering into further particulars.

The novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Mdlle. Cari, a young American, who at Brussels has earned a certain reputation as a singer in concerts, &c., and who, in the character of Maffeo Orsini, first raised to significance by Albini, three-and-twenty years ago, at the Royal Italian Opera, produced a highly favourable impression. The voice of Mdlle. Cari is rather a mezzo-soprano than a contralto; but that she can use it to good purpose was at once made apparent in the opening scene of the "Prologue," by her easy delivery of the air, "Nella fatal di Rimini e memorabil guerra"—which relates how, after being saved from death by Gennaro, Orsini is visited by the apparition of what one of the operatic English versions of *Lucrezia Borgia* describes as "a gigantic old man, clad in a black robe." However, as might have been expected, it was not until the scene where the famous drinking song, "Il segreto per esser felice," occurs that the success of the new comer was decided. Here Mdlle. Cari exhibited both dramatic spirit and vocal fluency, wisely refraining, by the way, from any attempt at imitating that wonderfully prolonged and wonderfully rounded off-shake on the high "E," just before the last return of the theme, with which Albini used to move the audience into ecstasies of delight, and nightly win a "double encore." There was no "high shake" in Mdlle. Cari's version of the *brindisi* (any more than there is in Donizetti's), and no "double encore" resulted; but the air was well and unaffectedly sung, and the "single encore" awarded to the last couplet was hearty and unanimous. In other respects the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which Signor Tagliafico's quietly subtle impersonation of Gubetta, the confidential agent of the Duchess, can never be overlooked, was what it rarely fails to be at Covent Garden.

To *Lucrezia* succeeded the same composer's lively *Figlia del Reggimento*, which, though originally composed for the Opéra-Comique, is just as popular in Italian as it ever was in French, and, indeed, through the medium of the Italian version, has chiefly been saved from oblivion. The opinion of those who, previously acquainted with Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi's talent, maintain that comic, rather than serious, opera is her forte was in a great measure confirmed on the occasion under notice. Her *Maria* is a more finished, as well as a more spirited, assumption than her *Lucia*, and her success was proportionately greater. We can

remember impersonations of the devoted Vivandière more characteristically marked; and we have heard the music given with better sustained vivacity; but, eschewing comparisons, we may describe Mdlle. Sessi's general performance as one of far more than average merit. Her voice is powerful as well as flexible to an extent that her first essay had not led us to imagine. About its agreeable quality there could have been no more question than about the fact of its being a pure and legitimate soprano. In the first duet with Sulpizio, Mdlle. Sessi seemed, in a measure, to be feeling her way; but in the subsequent duet with Tonio (*Maria's* lover), which followed, she was quite at home, and her utterance of the well-known phrase—

"Vediam, udiam,
Ascoltiam e giudichiam."

was marked by an archness thoroughly in keeping, and accompanied by appropriate and significant gesticulation. The military air, "Ciascun lo dice, ciascun lo sa," in which *Maria* dwells upon the somewhat questionable virtues of her beloved regiment, exhibited both force and character. Best of all, however, was "Convien partir; addio"—in the first *finale*—when the Vivandière weepingly takes leave of her soldier friends. The feeling with which this touching and beautiful passage was delivered produced such an impression on the audience as could only have been created by true and genuine earnestness, and had Mdlle. Sessi been so inclined she might have repeated it with the unanimous approval of the house. We thought the second act less equally balanced, and were somewhat disappointed with parts of the scene in which, the Marchioness of Berkenfield at the piano, *Maria* rehearses the old air of *Caffariello*, terminating with the unexpected *cadenza*, the throwing away of the music, the horror of the Marchioness, and the marching trio, in which much against her will, that stately lady is compelled by *Maria* and Sulpizio to take part, to the vocal refrain of the "Rataplan." The trio, nevertheless, was encored as usual, and, as a matter of course, repeated. At the conclusion of the opera, in place of the original *finale*, Mdlle. Sessi introduced the popular *valse*, by Ricci, which Mdlle. Adeline Patti on more than one occasion, has substituted for the original *finale* of *Don Pasquale*. The general impression derived from this performance is that Mdlle. Sessi has at present the capacity to shine rather as a singer than as an actress; but that she has undoubted promise, which, backed by youth, has every chance of ripening into excellence, we have no doubt whatever. Nothing could be more encouraging than her reception by the audience. The other parts in the opera were represented by Signor Ciampi (Sulpizio), Signor Laroeca, or Della Rocca—*les deux se disent*—(Tonio), and Mdlle. Anese (the Marchioness). The grouping of the soldiers and *mise-en-scène* generally of the *finale* to Act 1, embodying the departure of *Maria*, were as picturesque and effective as of old. The choruses were effectively given almost without exception; and the orchestral accompaniments, under Signor Vianesi's direction, left very little to desire.

About the performance of Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico* at this theatre on Saturday night we can only say at present that, in the character of Astrifiamante, "Queen of Night," Mdlle. Sessi achieved a new success, being encored in her second and most trying air, "Gli angui d'inferno"—transposed, as customary ever since the time of Anna Zerr,* a note lower (which brings it considerably nearer to the pitch imagined by Mozart himself), and given by the new singer with remarkable animation. We shall recur to *Il Flauto Magico*, which was given again on Thursday. On Monday night *Guillaume Tell* was repeated—a better opera than which, taking into account its gorgeous music, beautiful scenery, picturesque costumes, and general stage effect, as represented at Covent Garden, could hardly have been selected for Easter-Monday. *La Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated on Tuesday. To-night, Mdlle. Sessi is to appear as the heroine of the *Traviata*. On Tuesday week Signor Mario will make his first appearance, after a year's absence, as the Duke in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

W A I F S.

The Prince of Wales has promised to preside at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, on the 16th of May.

Mr. Arban has been appointed musical director of Cremorne Gardens for the ensuing season.

Mr. Charles Hallé goes to Paris shortly, in order to give one or more pianoforte recitals.

Le Ménestrel says that Herr Wagner has been named Director General of Music at Berlin. We very strongly doubt the statement.

Miss Bateman has arrived at Liverpool from America. She will pass two or three months on the Continent to recruit her health, prior to commencing her provincial engagements in England in October.

* Who used to sing it always in the original keys (D minor and F Major).

Les Folies Marigny, the summer theatre in the Champs Elysées, has been purchased from M. Montaubry by M. Leduc.

The average receipts during the eight nights' run of *Lohengrin*, at Brussels, were 3,570 francs.

M. de Flotow has left Paris for Vienna on "urgent private affairs"—which, we presume, will delay the production of his new opera.

Herr Achenbach has produced Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, in a dramatic form, at Düsseldorf.

The report that M. Carvalho has been re-appointed director of the Théâtre Lyrique is premature, to say the least. The Minister of Fine Arts has the whole matter still under consideration.

Mr. Cowen, whose first symphony was received with so much favour at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, is engaged upon a cantata, for voices and orchestra.

M. Koenig, a well-known singer at the Grand Opera, has just retired from public life. How desirable it is that other well-known singers should perform the same difficult feat, we need not say.

Madame Ristori has settled in Paris, at her old quarters on the Boulevards Malesherbes. She has been reading for the benefit of a charitable institution.

The Delassements-Comiques (Paris) is again changing hands. Its management now devolves upon a triumvirate, composed of MM. Gotschy, A. de Jallais, and Lemonnier.

A series of performances in aid of the funds of the local charities at Manchester has taken place at the Theatre Royal, and on Thursday they were brought to a close. With donations, &c., the charities will, it is expected, be benefited to the extent of nearly £2000.

We observe that on the occasion of his benefit at the Princess's Theatre last week, Mr. Montague played the part of Romeo, being a singular, possibly the only, instance of a Montague representing the young Montague.

A Calvinistic dislike to theatres still lingers in Geneva. The theatre has once more been closed, and the manager retires with serious loss. This is the third manager the theatre has ruined in as many years, despite its receiving a subvention from the municipality.

The Accademia Filarmonica of Rome, which was closed on political grounds some years ago, has been allowed to reconstitute itself under the patronage of Cardinal di Pietro. It has begun its new career with one of Verdi's operas.

There is some prospect of Calcutta being without an opera next year, as there is great discontent with the impresarios. There is a proposition to get a company direct from one of the agents at Milan. It is said Calcutta wants a decent company and decent music.

Herr Wagner's *Walkyrie* is to be brought out at Munich in May, the King having given express orders to that effect. The *Rheingold* will be played at the same time, with new machinery and effects. All this, however, assumes that the parties interested can agree upon a *chef d'orchestre*, which seems not at all likely.

Mr. Kennedy, the Scotch vocalist, announces a second series of the "Songs of Scotland" at the Hanover Square Rooms, to commence on Monday next. Mr. Kennedy has made use of his American "interviewing" to introduce into his entertainment sketches of characters in the "Far West," including Brigham Young, the Mormon chief, and other characters.

The production of Halévy's *Charles the Sixth*, at the Théâtre Lyrique, has had a very moderate success. Every effort was made by a well-drilled *claque* to revive the once popular refrain—

Guerre aux tyrans! Jamais en France—
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera.

But times have changed since 1843, and the audience simply laughed.

The complimentary banquet offered by the Scandinavian residents in Paris to Mdlle. Nilsson, took place on Wednesday evening before last at the Trois Frères Provençaux. A whole squadron of young beauties of the North formed a *cortège* for the charming cantatrice, and at the dessert M. Prévost-Paradol pronounced, in a few well-chosen words, a handsome eulogium on Northern hospitality. The principal result of this hospitable meeting was a decision to form a fund of Scandinavian charity. A concert given after Easter will furnish the first instalment.

THE CANDLE SYMPHONY.

It is no rare occurrence to see some of the gravest and the most severe musicians—musicians who, as a rule, are distinguished for their grand inspirations—abandon themselves, in fits of caprice, to the most diverting instances of musical buffoonery. In the midst of an old book comprising different works by Carissimi, in the midst of psalms, and of

motets written in the severest style imaginable, the reader is greatly astonished, and even greatly delighted, at coming across such pieces as the "Capuchin's Beard" (*Venerabilis barba capucinarum*); "An Ass's Will," with an imitation of the testator's melodious voice; the "Lesson in the Rudiments, or the Declension of the pronoun, Hic, Hæc, Hoc;" "The Burlesque Requiem," in which a grave voice slowly pronounces the funeral words, while the soprano sings the following anything but poetic lines:—

"Quand mon mari vient de dehors
Ma rente est d'être battue."

We all know the admirable bit of musical buffoonery written by Mozart to ridicule his set of amateurs at Prague. Berton, the author of *Montano et Stéphanie*, published a small collection of canons, in which the most profound science is applied to the treatment of the most comical ideas. *Les Héracrites et les Démocrates*, a canon, with double chorus, in which one set lament and complain to a sorrowful and devout melody, while the second set sing "*la bouteille et son jus divin*," is a work of only a few pages, but the hand of a master is as apparent as it would be in a work of greater compass. Who, however, can fancy Haydn, the most learned, the most serious, and the most methodical of composers, with his frilled shirt front, his lace ruffles, and his venerable *peruque*, seated at his table writing works that give him the right to the title of the prince of burlesque composers? Never, however, was a title more deserved.

Haydn's musical pleasantries are numerous; some are exceedingly strange. The "Ox Minuet" is celebrated. We know that Haydn endeavoured to imitate in it the lumbering gait and movements of the patient animal just named. For some time a rivalry existed between Haydn and Steibelt. The latter's symphonies carried off the palm, even in the opinion of the English, from those of the great composer. Haydn was annoyed at the preference thus shown to his rival. One day he had an explanation with his friends on the subject. "Steibelt!" he said, with an accent of the most profound contempt, "I will crush him!"

How shall we make the reader understand in what manner Haydn was resolved to crush Steibelt? We read, in a chronicle of the Middle Ages, that a man who was possessed, and whom the devil would not allow a moment's respite, went to consult a famous exorciser. The latter ordered the poor wretch to seat himself in a butt of water, with only his head above the surface. He then went through the usual forms. The devil was conquered, but, fearing to meet the irritated face of the exorciser, he knocked out the bottom of the butt and fled obstreperously. It was with an explosion of this kind that Haydn determined to crush Steibelt. So, when, in the midst of an admirable piece, in which the master had exhausted all the resources of his genius, the formidable low C of the bassoon was unexpectedly heard, every one was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter; the imitation was perfect, and Steibelt was dethroned.

The *Candle Symphony* boasts a rather curious origin. The musicians of some petty German prince or other were very unpunctual at rehearsals; they came late, and frequently blew out their candles and went away before the rehearsal was over. The following is the plan of it:—The first piece is written in a very beautiful style; the *andante* with the mutes is delicious; the minuet is lively and rapid; next comes the *finale*, consisting of two movements, the first in duple time, and the second, *andante amoroso*, in triple time. The last part then commences. From its very beginning, something eccentric, unusual, out-of-the-way, greets, now and then, the ear; a horn disports out of its own proper domain; a clarinet allows sounds to escape from it which appear but little consonant with its mild and melancholy character. Is it possible that Haydn's genius is deserting him, the audience must have thought. Suddenly a horn indulges in a most execrable solo, and then, humiliated by the phrase allotted to it, blows out its candle and slowly steals off. The confusion continues. The clarinet, also, puts out its candle, and escapes in its turn. The horn in A, lost up in the very high notes, quietly drops down on the middle A, and imitates its fellows. The double-bass endeavours to hold its own against the storm, and runs furiously up and down the four strings. But, very shortly, utterly worn out and exhausted, the terrible instrument ceases its rumblings and disappears. The violoncello does the same; the flute follows; the tenors and the violins hurry off, and out go their candles. The harmony, so powerful a short time previously, is now nothing more than a vague and confused murmur; it is the distant noise of the sea; the murmuring breeze; a humming-bird flying past; the flight of a gnat; and then nothing at all. The first violin, left by itself, extinguishes the single modest light in the orchestra, makes a very low bow to the spectators, and retires, like a captain who does not abandon the fight till all his soldiers have deserted.

Such is the *Candle Symphony*.

NEW MUSIC.

Sydney Smith's Method for the Piano-forte. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A PIANOFORTE instruction book written by one of the most popular of pianoforte composers must always be worth attention, and can hardly fail to have a special value. Both results are attained by the work before us. Mr. Smith "begins at the beginning," and after taking his pupil through the first elements of notation (with which is combined a study of the keyboard), he proceeds by an admirable sequence of lessons and exercises to cultivate alike the performing hand and the directing mind. Some of his devices are peculiarly happy—that, for example, which keeps before the student's eye the relative value of the notes to be played. There are other features in the work of uncommon merit, but we shall say enough if we recommend it unreservedly to all who seek a manual of instruction well arranged, intelligible and, therefore, effective.

I'll twine for thee a wreath of flowers. Ballad. Words by LORD BYRON. Music by ROBERT HILTON, of the Cathedral Choir, Salisbury. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

This ballad makes very modest pretensions, but justifies such as it makes. The melody has an easy and graceful flow, and the accompaniment is correct if not novel. All this, however, barely justifies another addition to the huge stock of ballads having no special *raison d'être*. Composers should be merciful to their generation, and practise the virtue of reticence.

Philomel. Waltz. Composed by G. RICHARDSON, Musical Director, Globe Theatre. [London: John Shepherd.]

This waltz is dedicated to Miss Lydia Foote, who need not be offended at the compliment. It is tuneful, and, therefore, pleasing. Nevertheless, why write waltzes which are merely tuneful and pleasing? The "canterburys" of our drawing-rooms groan beneath the weight of such things,—moreover, hot weather is coming on, and the very suggestion of dancing causes matter to exude.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded? Transcribed for the Piano-forte by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A *morceau de salon* of a very familiar type. It is easy and, after its fashion, well made. The more difficult passages are fingered for those who need such help—that is to say, for the majority who elect to play such music.

Cascade de Perles, for Piano. Composed by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

The name of this piece is significant of its character. A "Cascade de Perles" in music is, of course, a melody surrounded by arpeggios, and modulating into some such key as D flat major, where the arpeggios subside, beginning again when the original key is resumed. All these conditions are duly met by Herr Winkelhaus, the result being a piece calculated to set pianoforte playing maidenhood in a flutter, and for maidenhood is vacillating, to imperil the supremacy of certain other "Cascades" and "Jets d'Eau" we wot of.

Twilight Thoughts. Nocturne. Composed by Madame OURY. [London: John Blockley.]

This piece is numbered Op. 159, which accounts for its being mainly a reproduction of familiar mannerisms. Mme. Oury's thoughts at twilight run in old grooves.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street.—Saturday, April 23, 1870.